THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE!

MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

16th APRIL 1980 EVERY THURSDAY 12p

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

YOUR CHANCE TO VISIT THE DOCTOR WHO STUDIOS

COMPETION DETAILS INSIDE!

IN THE 2nd FABULOUS NEW-LOOK ISSUE!

THE DOCTOR FACES

SOME OF THE

DEADLIEST CREATURES

IN THE UNIVERSE!

SCAROTH OF JAGAROTH

AND

THE DALEKS!

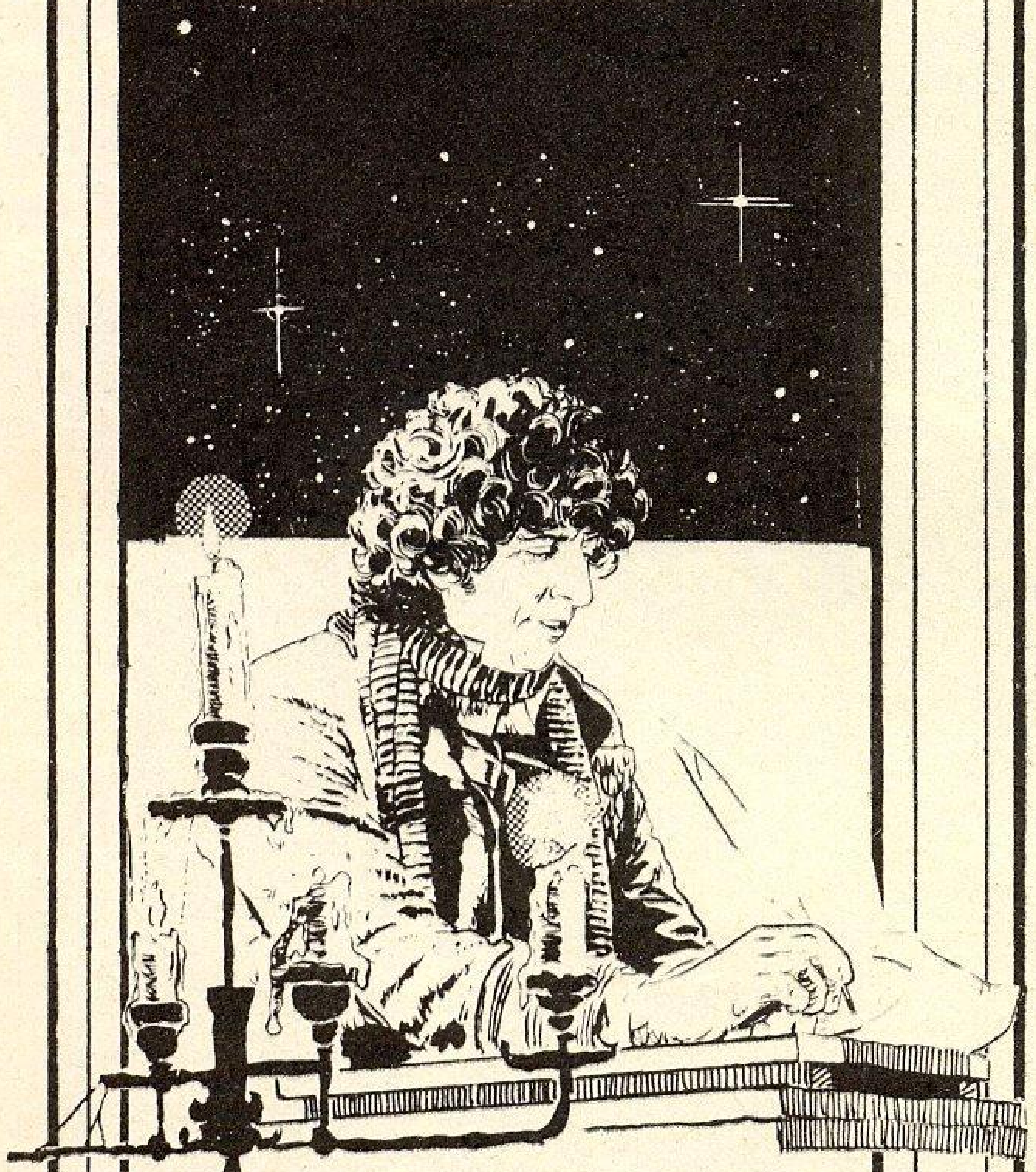
PLUS
NEWS
FEATURES
PICTURE STRIPS

THE TARDIS MATERIALISES...
...STABILISER KEEPS...
POLICE BOX
...CUTTING OUT ON ME!
SOME KIND OF CITY DOWN THERE. NOT EXACTLY BENIDORM, I'M AFRAID...BUT JUST THE PLACE TO MAKE REPAIRS!

AND LOTS MORE!

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

NUMBER 27



Hope you all enjoyed the first of the new-look Doctor Who Weeklies. If you did, you'll be glad to hear that (as the old saying goes) the best is yet to come.

This week I start a brand-new adventure called "Devil Spawn". It's all about the day I arrived at a far-flung outpost of human civilisation on the very edge of time and space . . . where life is nothing short of impossible. And that's *before* the Daleks arrive on the scene!

And as if that wasn't as much excitement as anyone could take for one century, we've managed to come up with yet another super competition for you. The lucky winner (and his family) will be able visit the famous BBC Studios watching how the chaps there put my adventures on the television.

Have a jelly baby!

The Doctor

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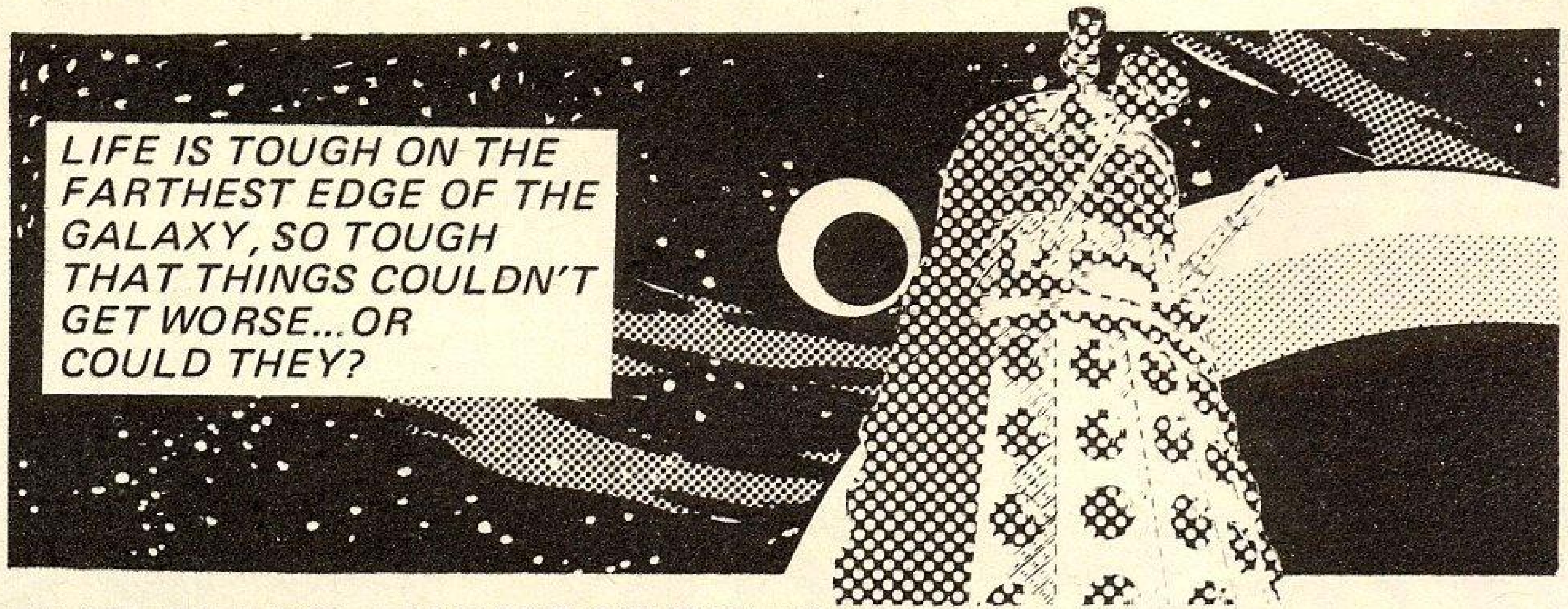
DEVIL SPAWN 3


LIFE IS TOUGH ON THE FARTHEST EDGE OF THE GALAXY, SO TOUGH THAT THINGS COULDN'T GET WORSE...OR COULD THEY?

PRIZE WINNING COMPETITION 8

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A FABULOUS DAY OUT FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY . . . WATCHING THE FILMING OF A DOCTOR WHO EPISODE.

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SCAROTH OF JAGAROTH 10

A FEATURE ARTICLE ABOUT THE DOCTOR'S STRANGEST FOE . . . BECAUSE HE DOESN'T EVEN EXIST!

CRAZY CAPTION 12

WRITE A FUNNY CAPTION FOR A VINTAGE DR WHO PHOTOGRAPH AND WIN FIVE POUNDS!

FIRST MEN IN THE MOON 13

THE CONTINUING STORY OF MAN'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO REACH EARTH'S NEAREST CELESTIAL SATELLITE.

WHO CARES! 17

A SPECIAL PAGE FOR THE READERS BY THE READERS. SEE IF YOUR LETTER OR PHOTO APPEARS THIS WEEK.

THE STOWAWAY 18

THE DOCTOR AND K-9 ARE ALONE ABOARD THE TARDIS . . . OR SO THEY THINK. AN EXCITING ILLUSTRATED STORY.

PHOTO~FILE 22

THIS WEEK'S PHOTOFILE FOCUSSES ON RICHARD FRANKLIN, WHO PLAYED UNIT OFFICER CAPTAIN YATES.

STAR TIGERS

THEY ARE A BAND OF MISCREANTS, MURDERERS AND MISFITS, GATHERED TOGETHER TO FIGHT A COMMON FOE. THEY ARE THE STAR TIGERS.

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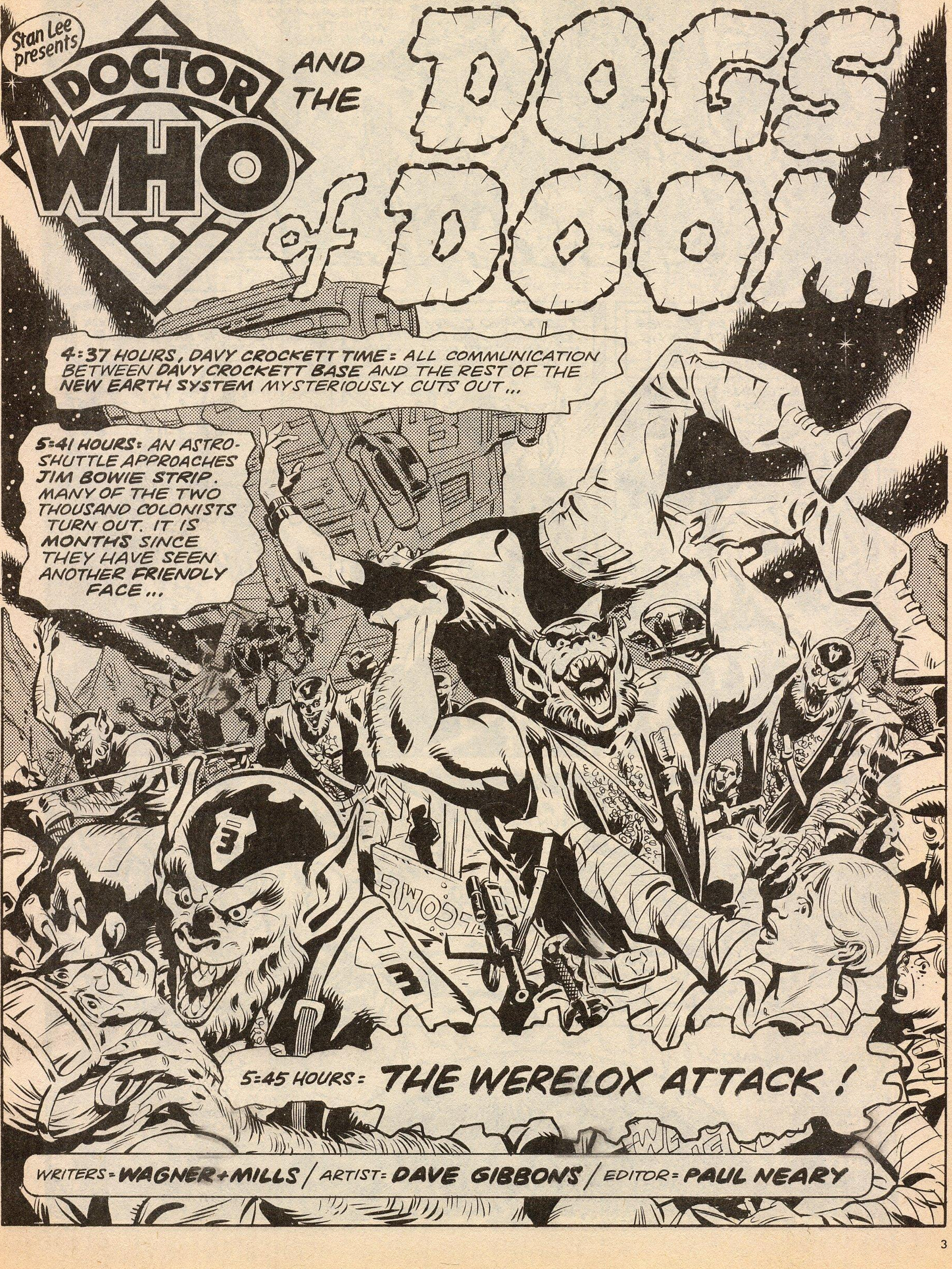
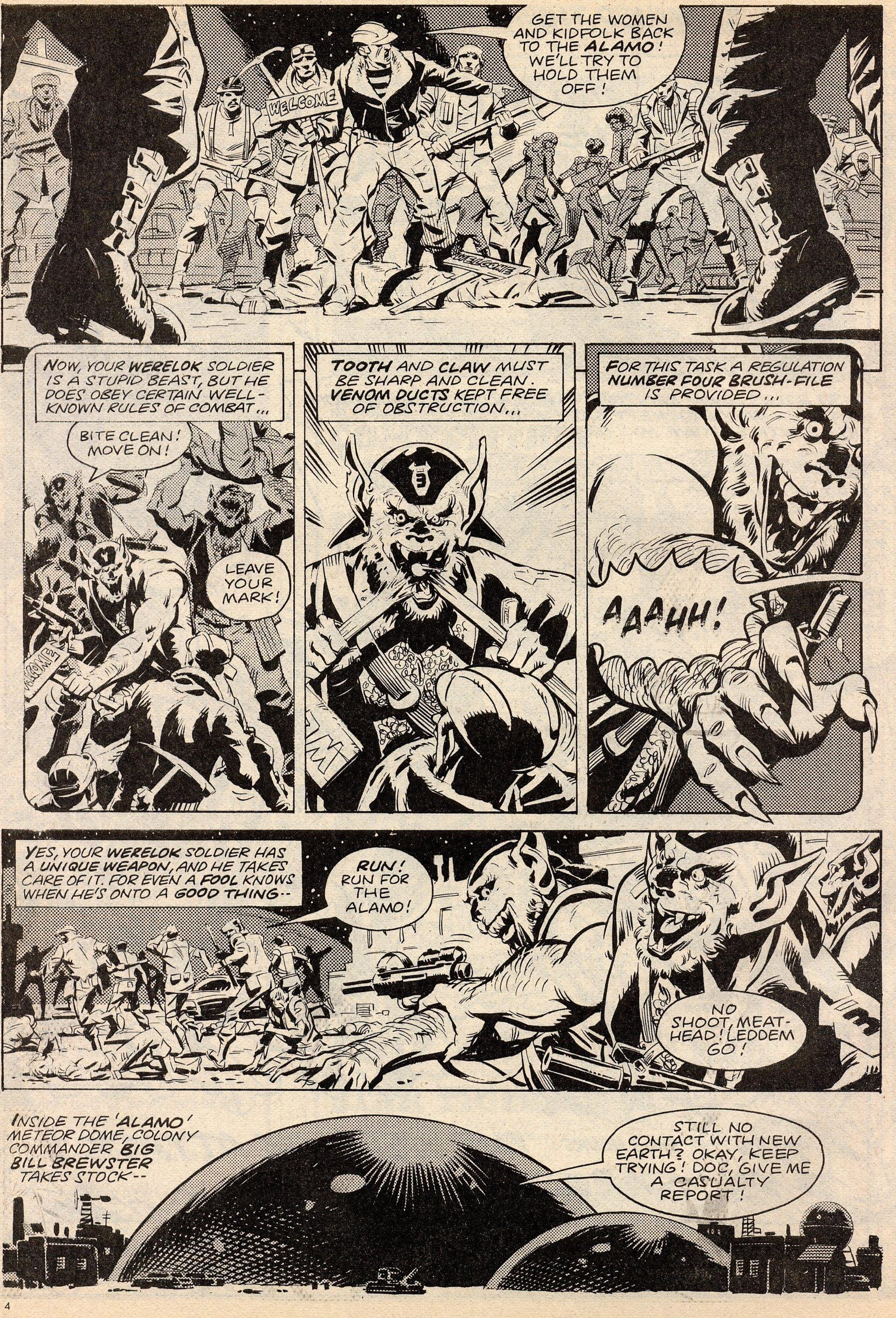
Another HaCsA Scan by Gothman

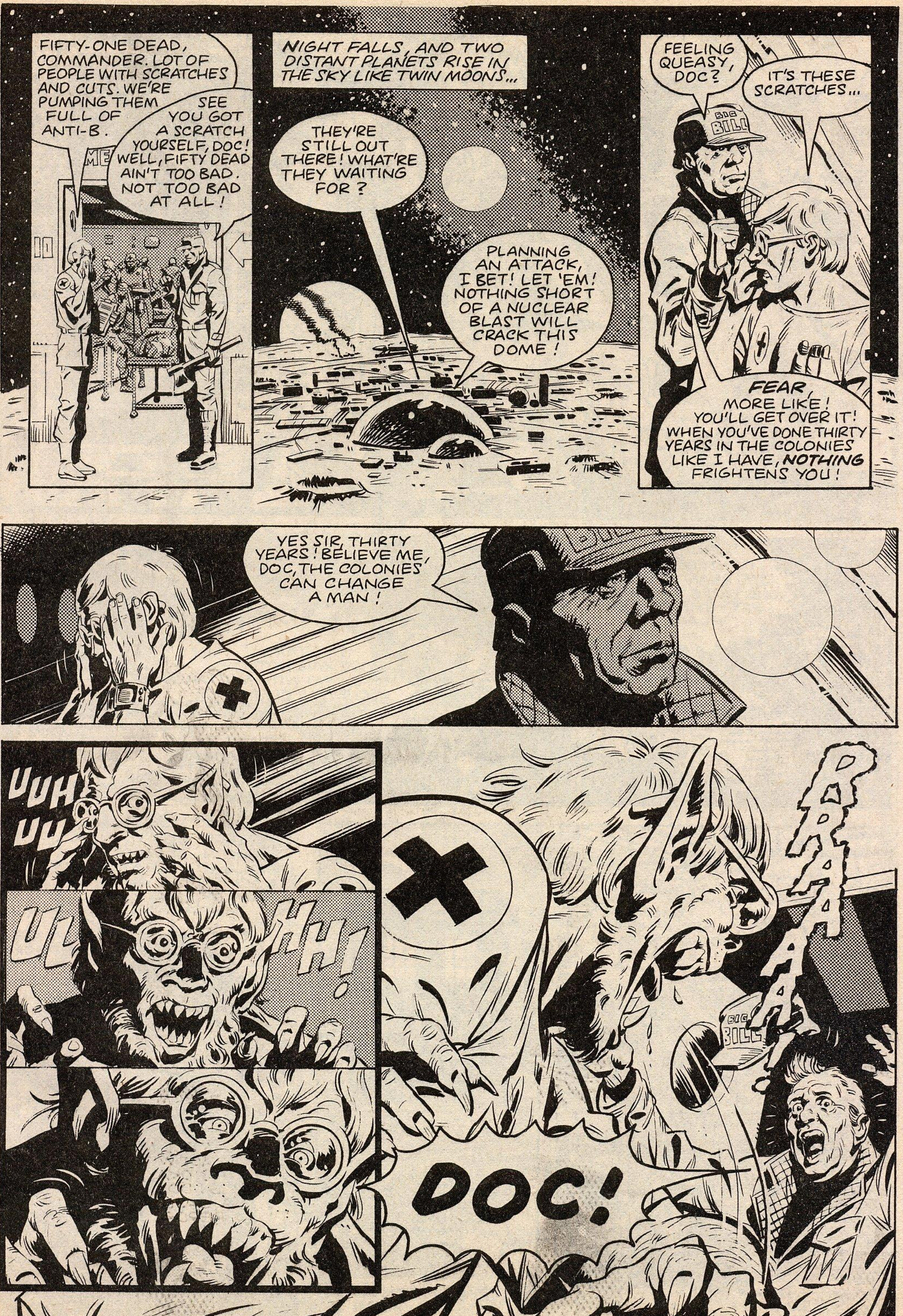
THE DEVIL SPAWNED THEM--BUT WHO CONTROLLED THEM??

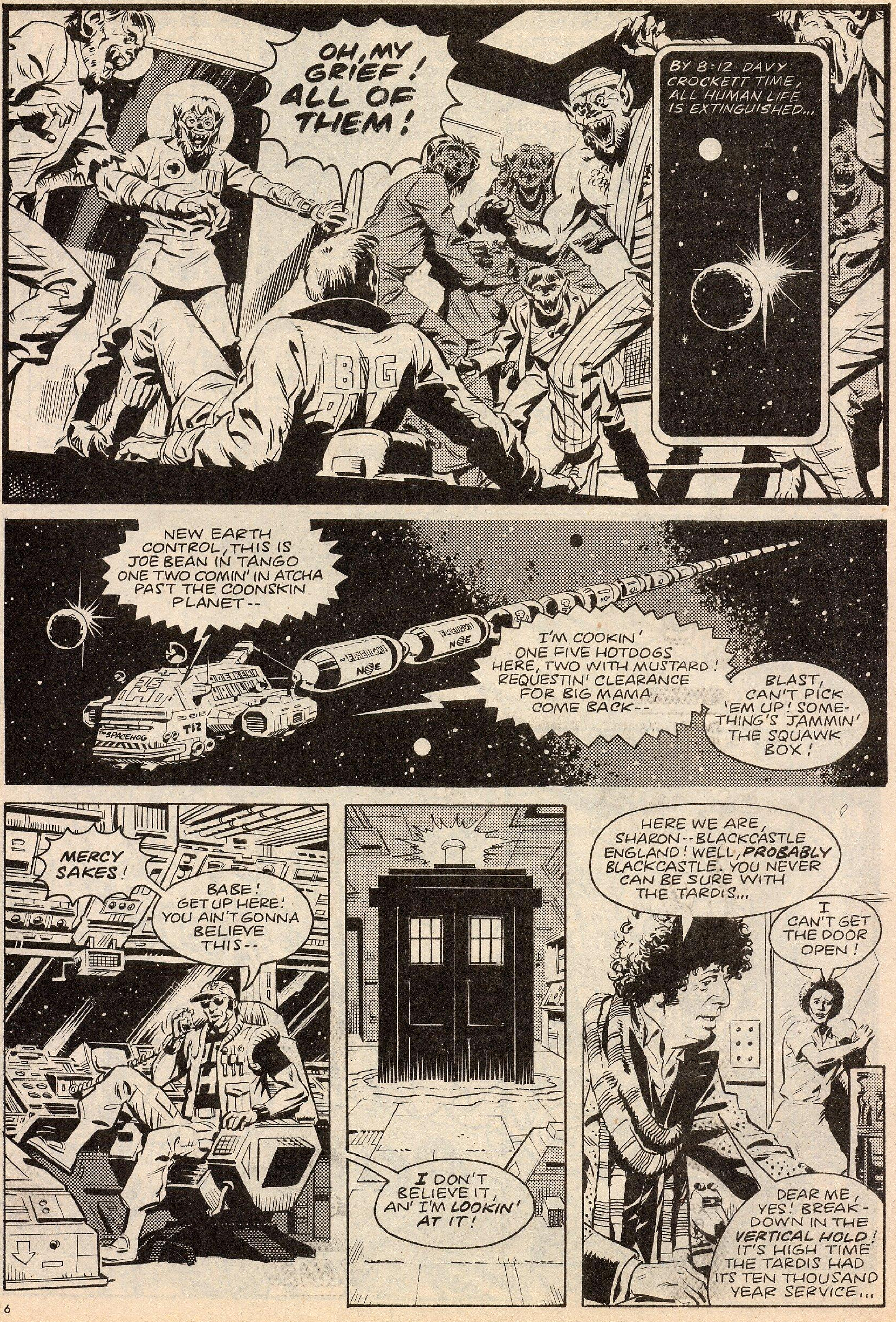
Stan Lee presents DOCTOR WHO AND THE DOGS of DOOM

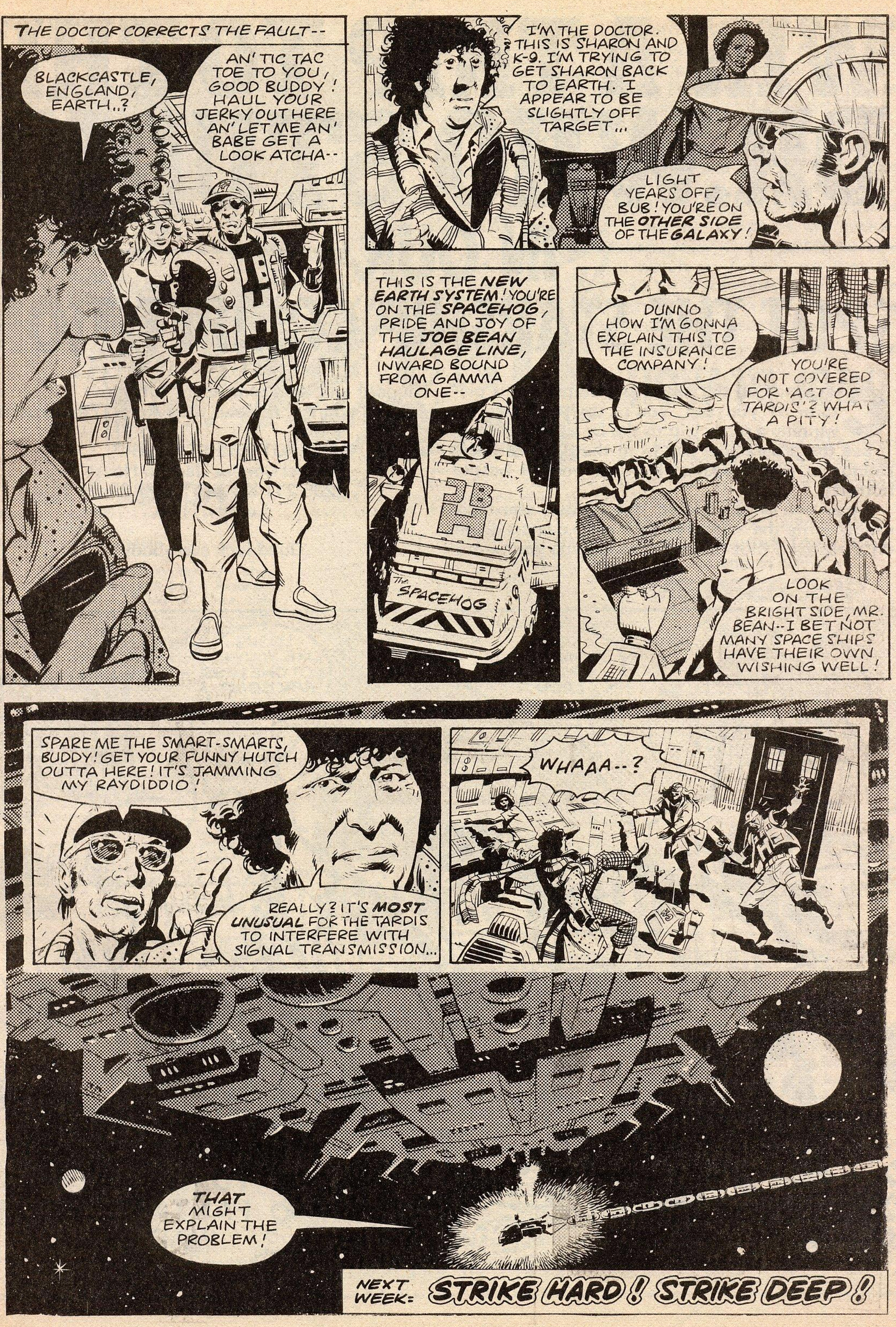

4:37 HOURS, DAVY CROCKETT TIME: ALL COMMUNICATION BETWEEN DAVY CROCKETT BASE AND THE REST OF THE NEW EARTH SYSTEM MYSTERIOUSLY CUTS OUT...
5:41 HOURS: AN ASTRO-SHUTTLE APPROACHES JIM BOWIE STRIP. MANY OF THE TWO THOUSAND COLONISTS TURN OUT. IT IS MONTHS SINCE THEY HAVE SEEN ANOTHER FRIENDLY FACE...
5:45 HOURS: THE WERELOX ATTACK!

WRITERS = **WAGNER + MILLS** / ARTIST = **DAVE GIBBONS** / EDITOR = **PAUL NEARY**


GET THE WOMEN AND KIDFOLK BACK TO THE **ALAMO**! WE'LL TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF!
WELCOME
WELCOME
NOW, YOUR **WERELOK** SOLDIER IS A STUPID BEAST, BUT HE DOES OBEY CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN RULES OF COMBAT...
BITE CLEAN! MOVE ON!
LEAVE YOUR MARK!
TOOTH AND **CLAW** MUST BE SHARP AND CLEAN. **VENOM DUCTS** KEPT FREE OF OBSTRUCTION...
FOR THIS TASK A REGULATION **NUMBER FOUR BRUSH-FILE** IS PROVIDED...
AAAHH!
YES, YOUR **WERELOK** SOLDIER HAS A **UNIQUE WEAPON**, AND HE TAKES CARE OF IT. FOR EVEN A **FOOL** KNOWS WHEN HE'S ONTO A **GOOD THING**--
RUN! RUN FOR THE ALAMO!
NO SHOOT, MEAT-HEAD! LEDDEM GO!
INSIDE THE '**ALAMO**' METEOR DOME, COLONY COMMANDER **BIG BILL BREWSTER** TAKES STOCK--
STILL NO CONTACT WITH NEW EARTH? OKAY, KEEP TRYING! DOC, GIVE ME A CASUALTY REPORT!


FIFTY-ONE DEAD, COMMANDER. LOT OF PEOPLE WITH SCRATCHES AND CUTS. WE'RE PUMPING THEM FULL OF ANTI-B.
SEE YOU GOT A SCRATCH YOURSELF, DOC! WELL, FIFTY DEAD AIN'T TOO BAD. NOT TOO BAD AT ALL!
ME
10
NIGHT FALLS, AND TWO DISTANT PLANETS RISE IN THE SKY LIKE TWIN MOONS...
THEY'RE STILL OUT THERE! WHAT'RE THEY WAITING FOR?
PLANNING AN ATTACK, I BET! LET 'EM! NOTHING SHORT OF A NUCLEAR BLAST WILL CRACK THIS DOME!
FEELING QUEASY, DOC?
IT'S THESE SCRATCHES...
BIG BILL
FEAR, MORE LIKE! YOU'LL GET OVER IT! WHEN YOU'VE DONE THIRTY YEARS IN THE COLONIES LIKE I HAVE, **NOTHING** FRIGHTENS YOU!
YES SIR, THIRTY YEARS! BELIEVE ME, DOC, THE COLONIES CAN CHANGE A MAN!
UUH UU
UUHH!
DRAAAAAA
BIG BILL
DOC!


OH, MY GRIEF! ALL OF THEM!
BY 8-12 DAVY CROCKETT TIME, ALL HUMAN LIFE IS EXTINGUISHED...
NEW EARTH CONTROL, THIS IS JOE BEAN IN TANGO ONE TWO COMIN' IN ATCHA PAST THE COONSKIN PLANET--
I'M COOKIN' ONE FIVE HOTDOGS HERE, TWO WITH MUSTARD! REQUESTIN' CLEARANCE FOR BIG MAMA, COME BACK--
BLAST, CAN'T PICK 'EM UP! SOMETHING'S JAMMIN' THE SQUAWK BOX!
THE SPACEHOG
T12
MERCY SAKES!
BABE! GET UP HERE! YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS--
I DON'T BELIEVE IT, AN' I'M LOOKIN' AT IT!
HERE WE ARE, SHARON--BLACKCASTLE ENGLAND! WELL, PROBABLY BLACKCASTLE. YOU NEVER CAN BE SURE WITH THE TARDIS...
I CAN'T GET THE DOOR OPEN!
DEAR ME, YES! BREAKDOWN IN THE VERTICAL HOLD! IT'S HIGH TIME THE TARDIS HAD ITS TEN THOUSAND YEAR SERVICE...


THE DOCTOR CORRECTS THE FAULT--
BLACKCASTLE, ENGLAND, EARTH..?
AN' TIC TAC TOE TO YOU, GOOD BUDDY! HAUL YOUR JERKY OUT HERE AN' LET ME AN' BABE GET A LOOK ATCHA--
I'M THE DOCTOR. THIS IS SHARON AND K-9. I'M TRYING TO GET SHARON BACK TO EARTH. I APPEAR TO BE SLIGHTLY OFF TARGET...
LIGHT YEARS OFF, BUB! YOU'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY!
THIS IS THE NEW EARTH SYSTEM! YOU'RE ON THE SPACEHOG, PRIDE AND JOY OF THE JOE BEAN HAULAGE LINE, INWARD BOUND FROM GAMMA ONE--
JBH
The SPACEHOG
DUNNO HOW I'M GONNA EXPLAIN THIS TO THE INSURANCE COMPANY!
YOU'RE NOT COVERED FOR 'ACT OF TARDIS'? WHAT A PITY!
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, MR. BEAN--I BET NOT MANY SPACE SHIPS HAVE THEIR OWN WISHING WELL!
SPARE ME THE SMART-SMARTS, BUDDY! GET YOUR FUNNY HUTCH OUTTA HERE! IT'S JAMMING MY RAYDIDDIO!
REALLY? IT'S MOST UNUSUAL FOR THE TARDIS TO INTERFERE WITH SIGNAL TRANSMISSION...
WHAAA--?
THAT MIGHT EXPLAIN THE PROBLEM!
NEXT WEEK: STRIKE HARD! STRIKE DEEP!

WIN A TRIP TO THE DR. WHO STUDIO

IN OUR

SPOT THE STARSHIP COMPETITION

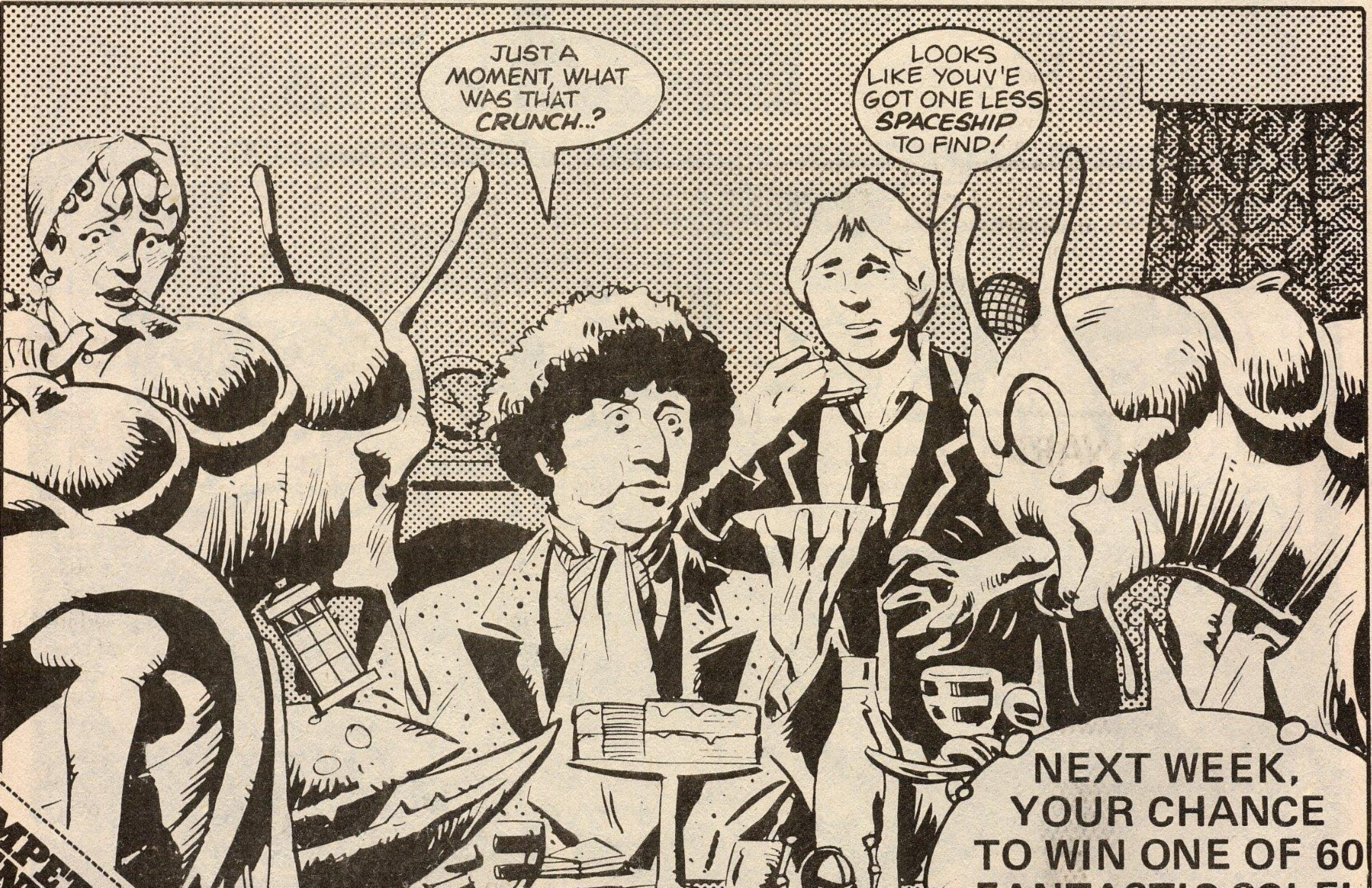
Can you find the hidden starships in this picture? If you can, you're on your way to winning a super trip to the Dr Who Studio!

See the programme live from the BBC, with the Doctor in action against a whole host of hostile horrors!

Once you've uncovered the hidden starships, simply write the names of their alien owners down on a postcard (not forgetting to include your entry coupon) and then send them with your full name, age and address, no later than April 17th, to us at:

SPOT THE STARSHIP,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

Good luck everybody!


JUST A MOMENT, WHAT WAS THAT *CRUNCH*..?
LOOKS LIKE YOUV'E GOT ONE LESS *SPACESHIP* TO FIND!

NEXT WEEK, YOUR CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF 60 FANTASTIC SCI-FI WAR GAMES!

COMPETITION ENTRY STAMP

UNIT HOTLINE

Attention all UNIT members! **Dr Who Weekly**'s Top Secret Organisation is calling **you** on it's hotline. This week's report includes a mysterious UFO sighting and a fact file on UNIT's deadly enemy from Mars – the Ice Warriors.

We repeat – UNIT membership is free – just send in your UNIT membership coupons nos. 1 and 2. Members are needed throughout the country to keep a watch on the sky so that HQ can be immediately alerted to an attack from the sky. Join today. Your planet needs **you**!

HOW TO JOIN!

It's simple! Just save two membership coupons and then send them to us, with a stamped, addressed envelope to:

Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

MEMBERSHIP

U.N.I.T

COUPON NO.2

SKY~WATCH!

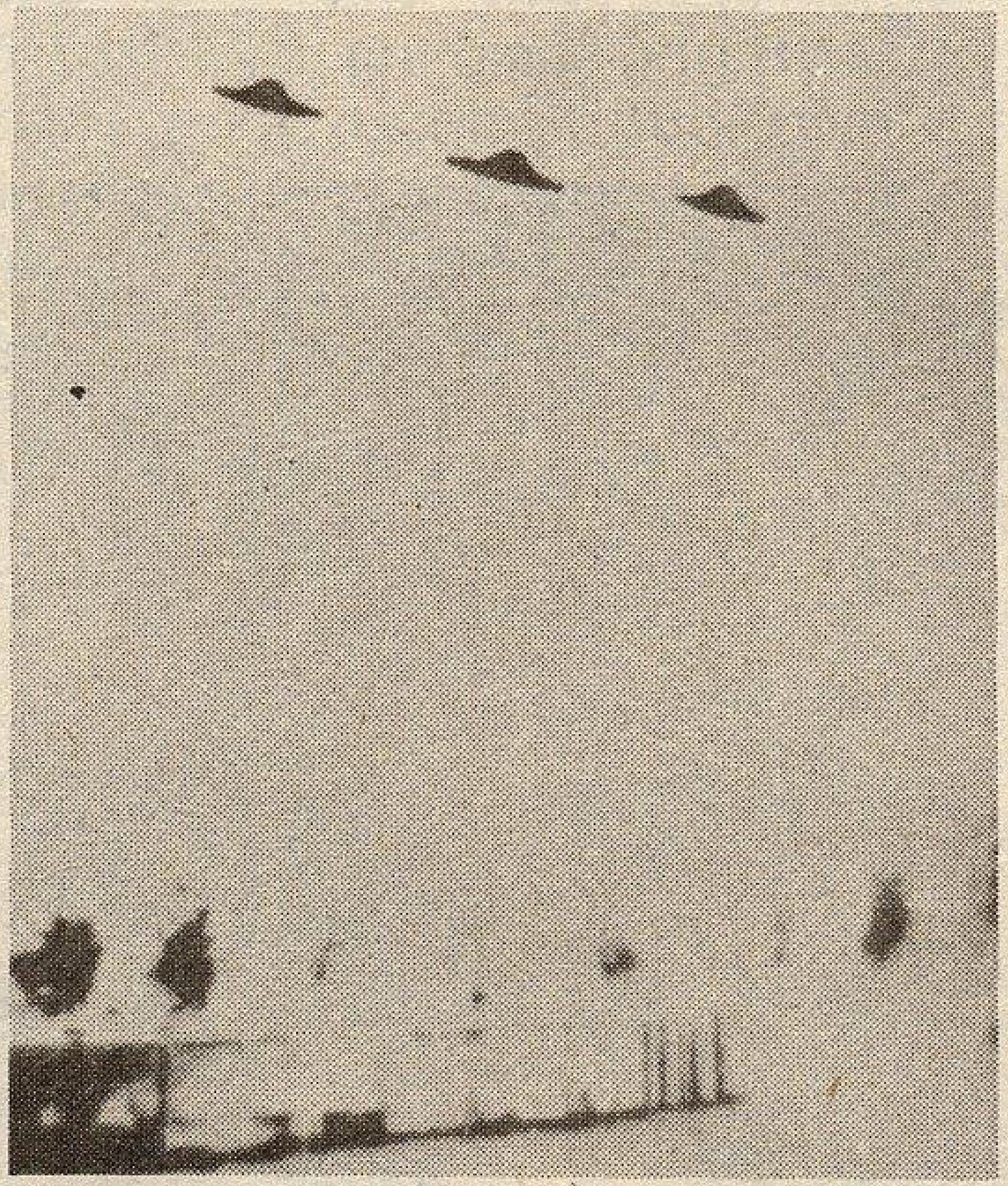
Dateline: July, 1951.
Subject: UFO sighting.
Witness: Frederick Reagan.
Location: USA.

The UFO was spotted one hot July afternoon, by a civilian pilot called Frederick Reagan. The pilot, flying at about eight thousand feet, saw a bright, dazzling object moving at high speed. His plane was hit and Reagan found himself falling from his damaged aircraft without a parachute!

Then came the incredible part of the report. Reagan believed that he was somehow drawn into the UFO. He remembers the smell of burning sulpher and a telepathic message apologising for accidentally damaging his plane!

Reagan was found with the wreckage of his plane, miraculously escaping injury. He died shortly afterwards – his death attributed to degeneration of the brain tissue due to radiation . . .

No-one believed Reagan's story but the incident remains shrouded in mystery. How did Reagan survive a fall from eight thousand feet and where did he receive the massive overdose of radiation which eventually killed him? The case remains open.



No.2 ICE WARRIOR

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

SUBJECT: The Ice Warriors
PLANET OF ORIGIN: Mars
WEAPONARY: Lethal high-pitched sound weapons which are either attached to the wrists or carried. The Ice Warrior space-ships carry daedly sonic cannons.

SOCIAL STRUCTURE: The inhabitants of Mars are split into two separate warring races: The Ice Warriors and the ruling aristocracy, the Ice Lords.

HISTORY: UNIT's data banks supplied the following information: The Ice Warriors first came to Earth thousands of years ago during the Second Ice Age. The attack failed. The space-ship was trapped in an avalanche of snow and there the aliens remained – frozen in suspended animation. The strange alien reptiles were discovered in the 20th Century by a group of scientists stationed out in the frozen wastes of the Artic. The Ice Warriors were mistakenly revived, but with the help of UNIT's scientific advisor – code name – the Doctor, the threat was successfully overcome.

Intelligence reports suggest a further Ice Warrior attack in the mid eighties and we urge all UNIT members to watch out for any sign of an Ice Warrior invasion.

SCAROTH OF JAGAROTH

. . . not one man but a dozen men: twelve separate splinters of the same being scattered throughout time.

No-one knew the true identity of Count Scarlioni . . . not even his wife . . . The Countess saw her husband as an art dealer, a master criminal and an insanely wealthy man. The plain truth had escaped her as it had the rest of humanity – he was Scaroth of the Jagaroth – an alien from an infinitly older race.

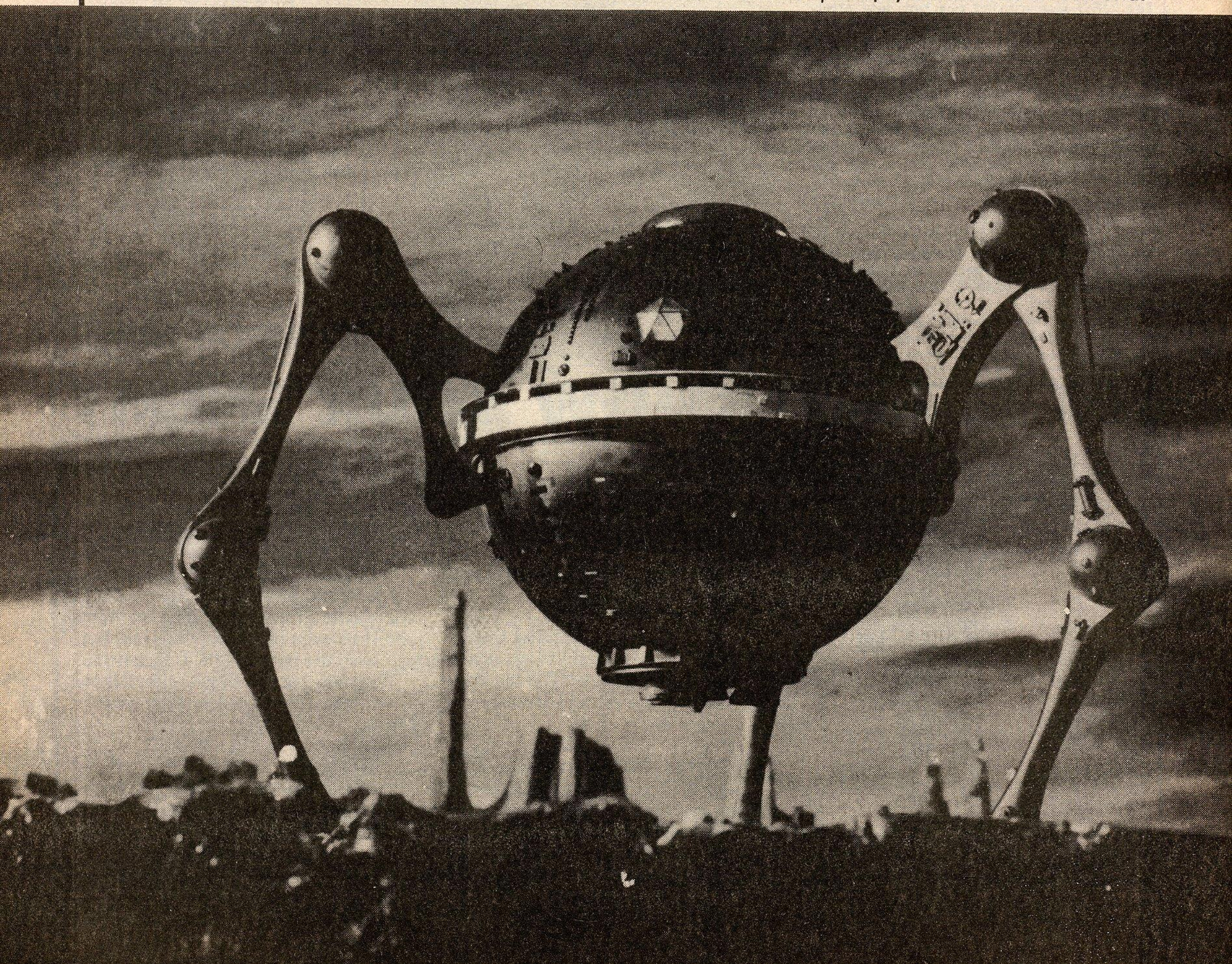
Scaroth was the *last* of the Jagaroth – a race that all but destroyed themselves in a massive war over 4 million years ago. A few escaped, landing on primeval Earth in a crippled spacecraft. Scaroth was in the Warp Control cabin when, despite his own protests, his crew down below insisted that he attempt to fly the ship.

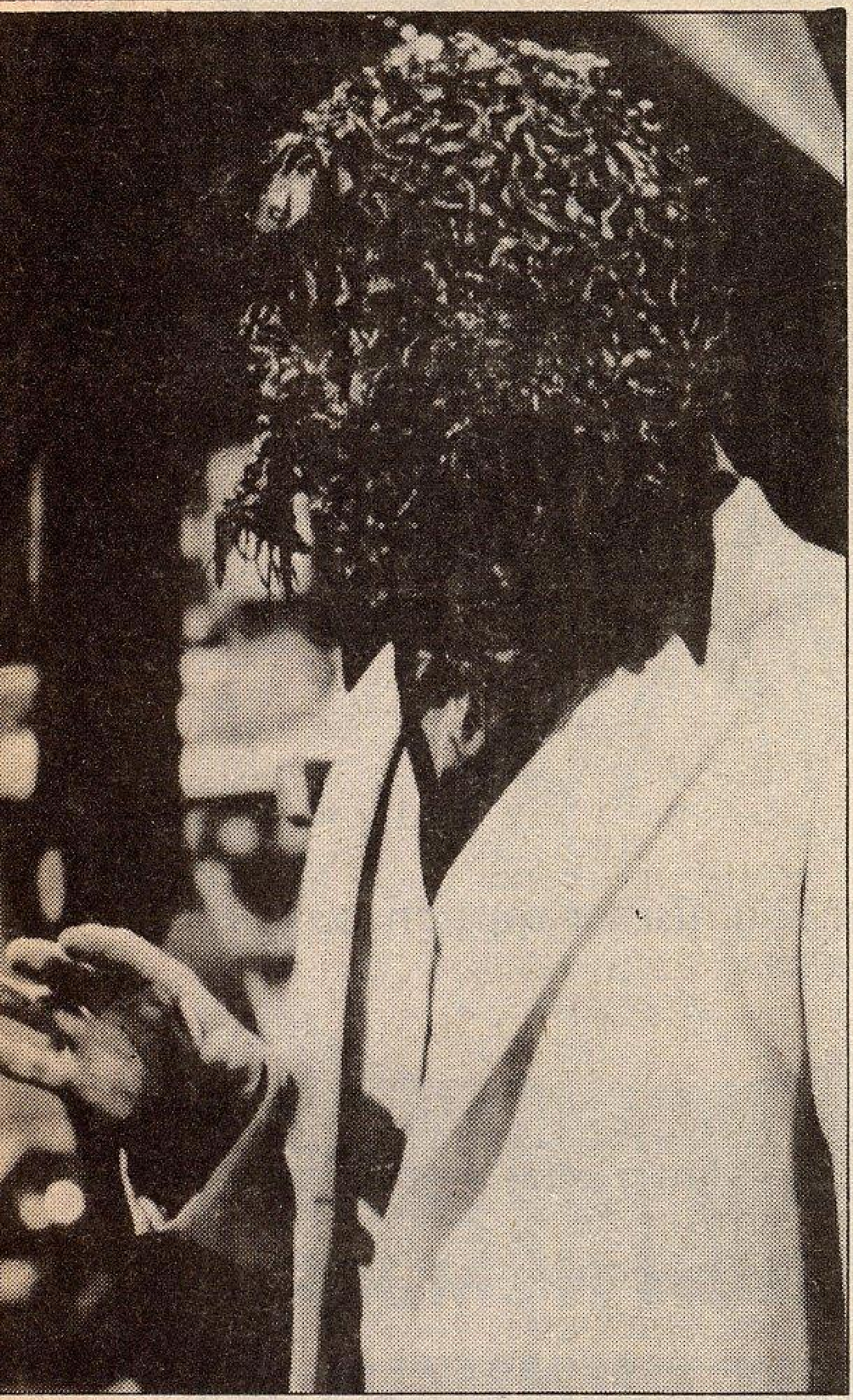
In the terrible explosion that followed, Scaroth was flung into the time vortex and split into 12 separate personalities, which, when settling, led independent but telepathically connected lives during various times in Earth's history.

"Can you imagine how a man might feel who has caused the pyramids to be built; the heavens to be mapped; invented the first wheel and shown the true use of fire?"

How a man might feel, perhaps! But this was Count Scarlioni speaking . . . Not one man but a dozen men: twelve separate splinters of the same being scattered throughout time.

And then again, not a man at all, but a creature hidden by disguise who guided Mankind so that its technological ability in 1979 would be ready for its purpose . . . So grand was Scarlioni's scheme that the invention of the wheel and the building of the pyramids were of little consequence. They were simply a means to an evil end.





In 1979, the cool Count's darstardly plan was near to completion. He had created a machine that would cast him back those 4 million years to prevent himself pressing the button that had destroyed his vessel. But it was that very explosion that had helped spark off the chemical reaction that came to create Mankind. Scaroth was ready to destroy the human race at its very beginnings!

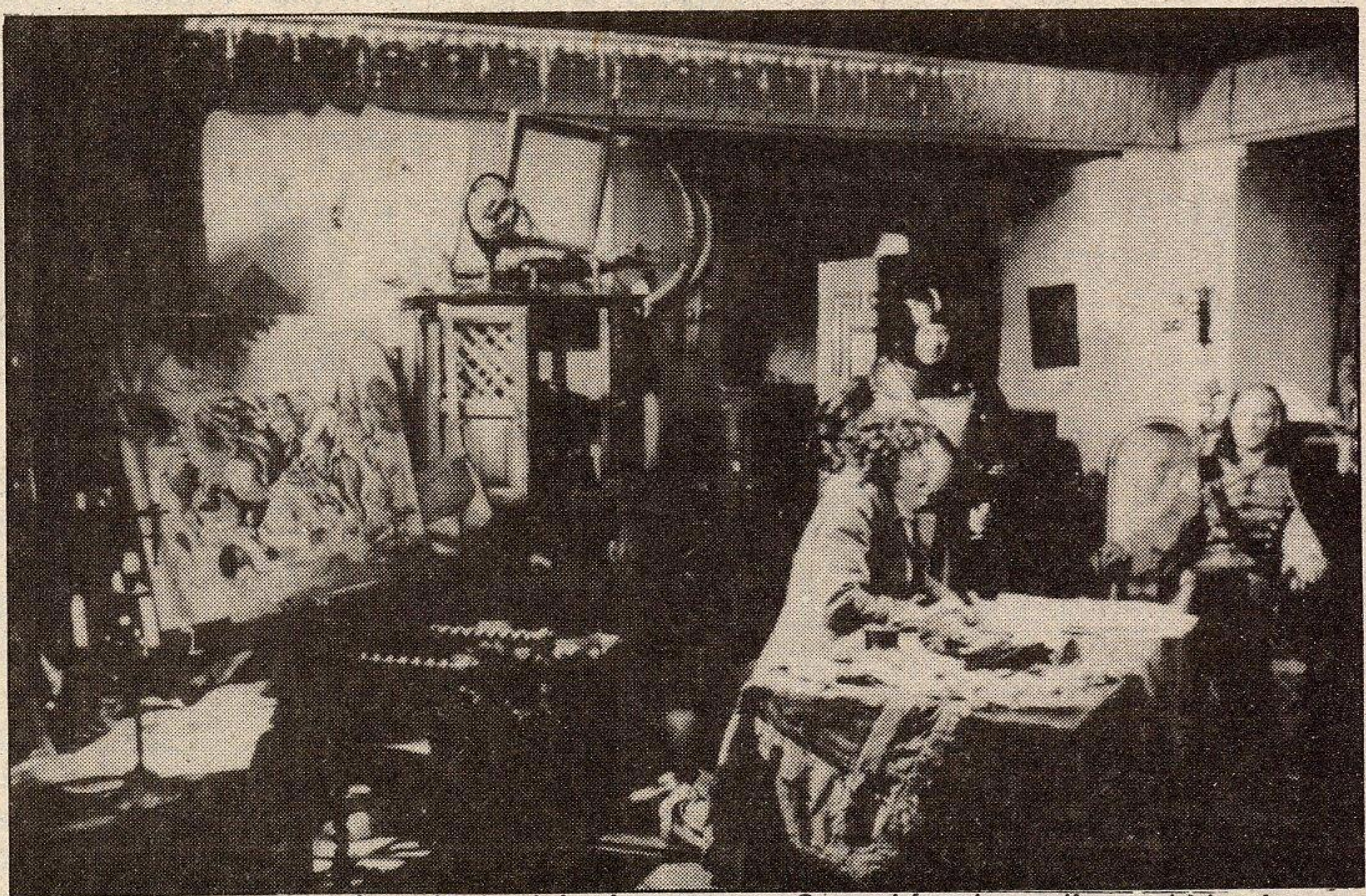
Passed on from one splintered identity to the next were priceless items from history. The Count had a vast store of invaluable pieces – paintings, a Ming vase, a Chinese puzzle box, various Egyptian relics and Shakespeare's first draft of Hamlet! Most valued and concealed of his collection were six copies of the Mona Lisa . . . each painted by Leonardo Da Vinci himself under instruction from the bullyish Scaroth (in another human disguise) in 1503!

Count Scarlioni stole the Louvre Gallery original, realising that there would be many wealthy collectors willing to pay vast sums of money for the painting – and then keep very quiet about it! All seven paintings could be sold at fantastic sums allowing the Count to complete his work.

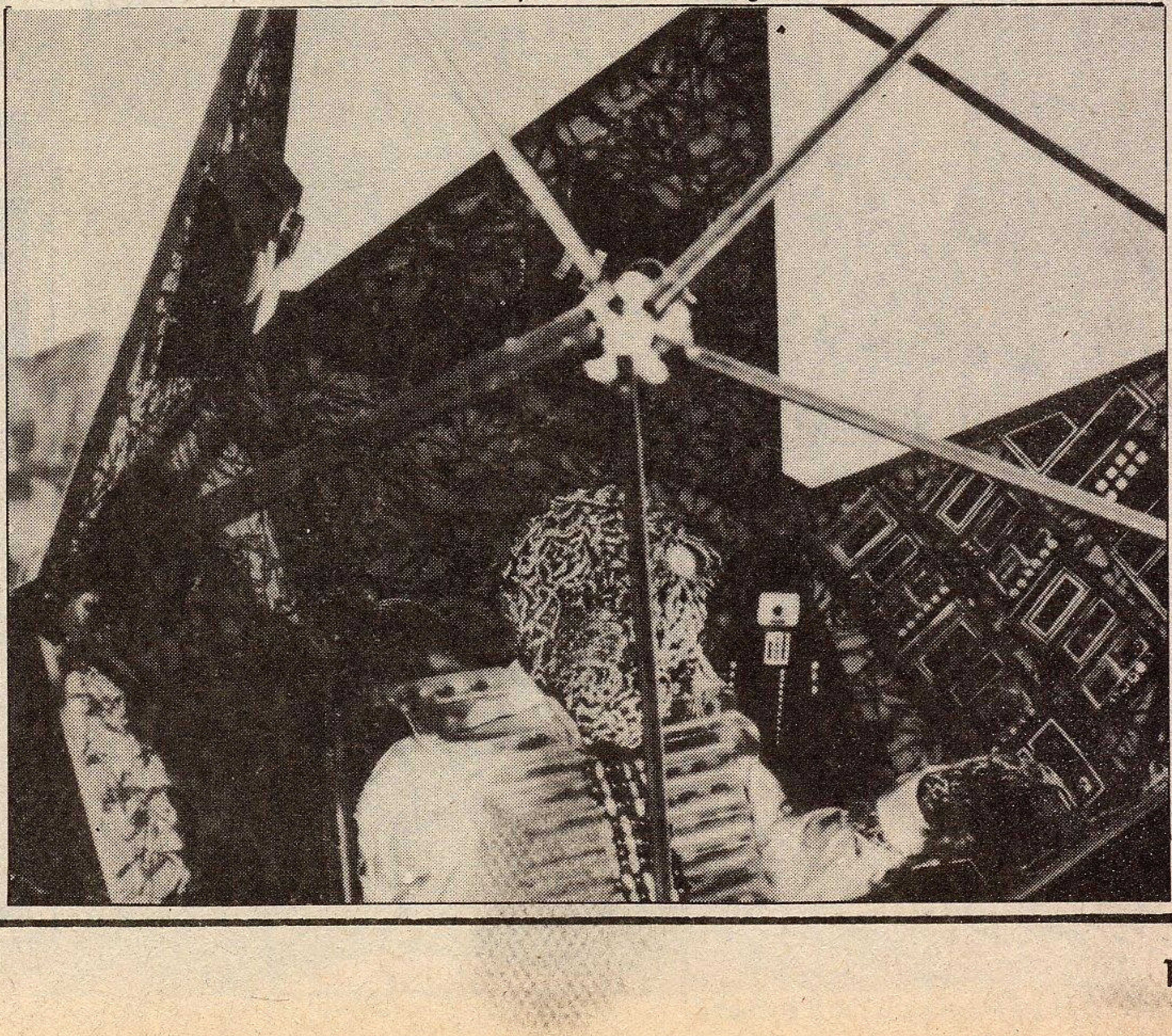
The debonair Count had made his home and headquarters in his chateau in Paris. He was surrounded by his highly paid team of bullies and thugs . . . and Professor Kerensky.

It was the professor upon whom the Count's whole plan depended. The scientist never realised the full implications of his research into time travel until it was too late. Kerensky eventually grasped the fact that his wealthy employer would, without qualm, blast Paris through an unstabilized time field. Count Scarlioni was a vicious, ruthless creature. When he had finished with the scientist's help – the cruel Count threw the Professor into his own time machine and aged him to death.

Scaroth of Jagaroth realised the implications of his actions. He knew that the whole population of Earth would be destroyed in a single moment . . . but he didn't care. It was indeed fortunate that the Doctor and Romana arrived in Paris in 1979 for a brief holiday and prevented it from becoming the City of Death!



Above: *The Doctor journies back in time to meet Scaroth's other splintered identity.* **Below:** *Scaroth of Jagaroth in the Warp Control Cabin of his spacecraft.* **Far left:** *The crippled Jagaroth spacecraft lands way back at the dawn of Earth's history.* **Top left:** *The face behind a perfect human disguise.*



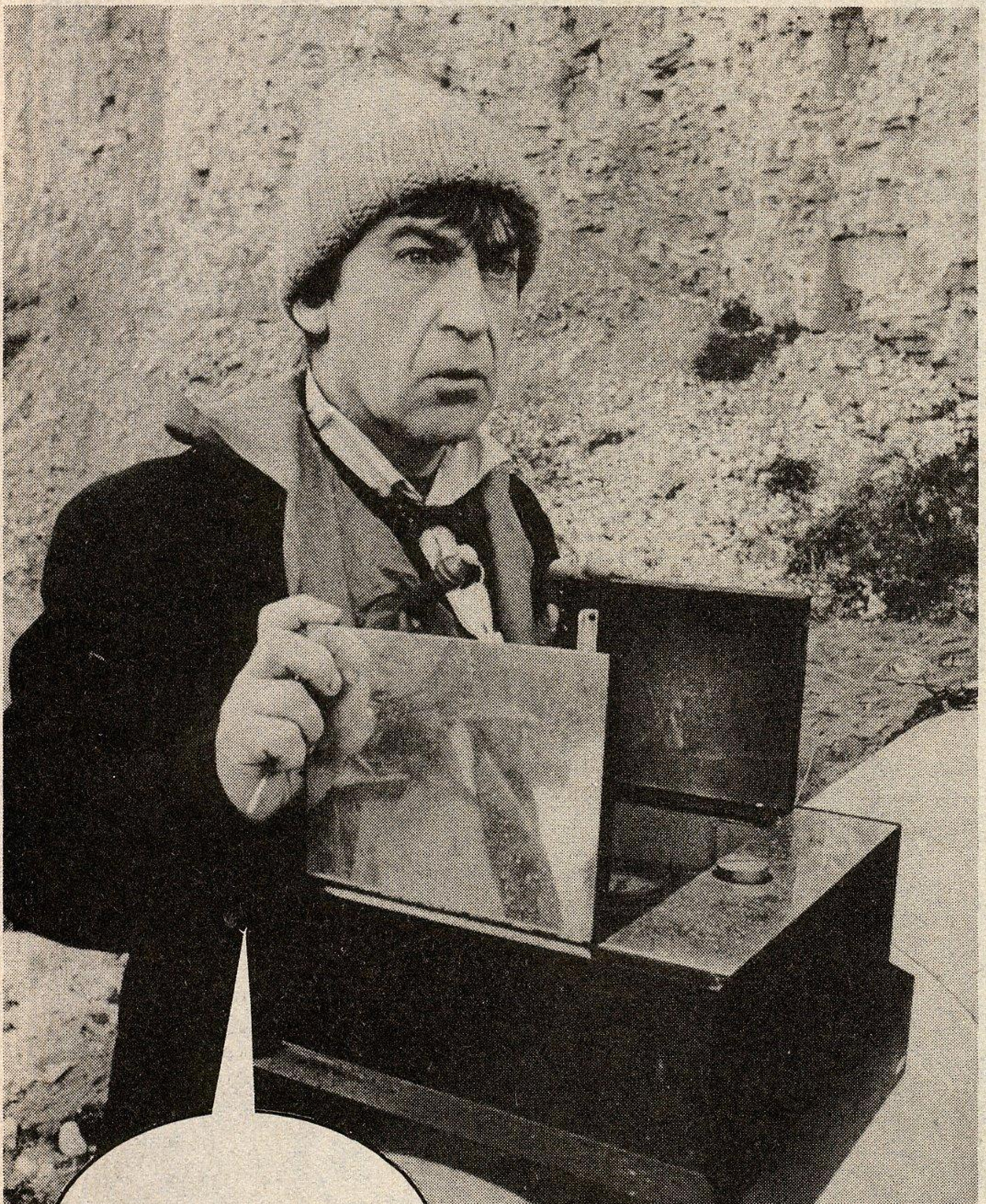
£5 TO B
WON!

CRAZY CAPTION 27

Here's another of our great zany crazy caption competitions. Just think of the funniest line you can, to go with the empty speech balloon (25 words or less), and you could win £5! Ten signed photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor will go to the runners-up. Send your entries — **on post-cards only** — postmarked no later than 20th April, to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION 27,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

This week and every week, we'll be publishing the name of the lucky winner and his/her caption, so keep 'em coming captioneers!



RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER
THE WINNER: 21

Jonathan Gudgion from Olney, wins £5 for his caption printed below:

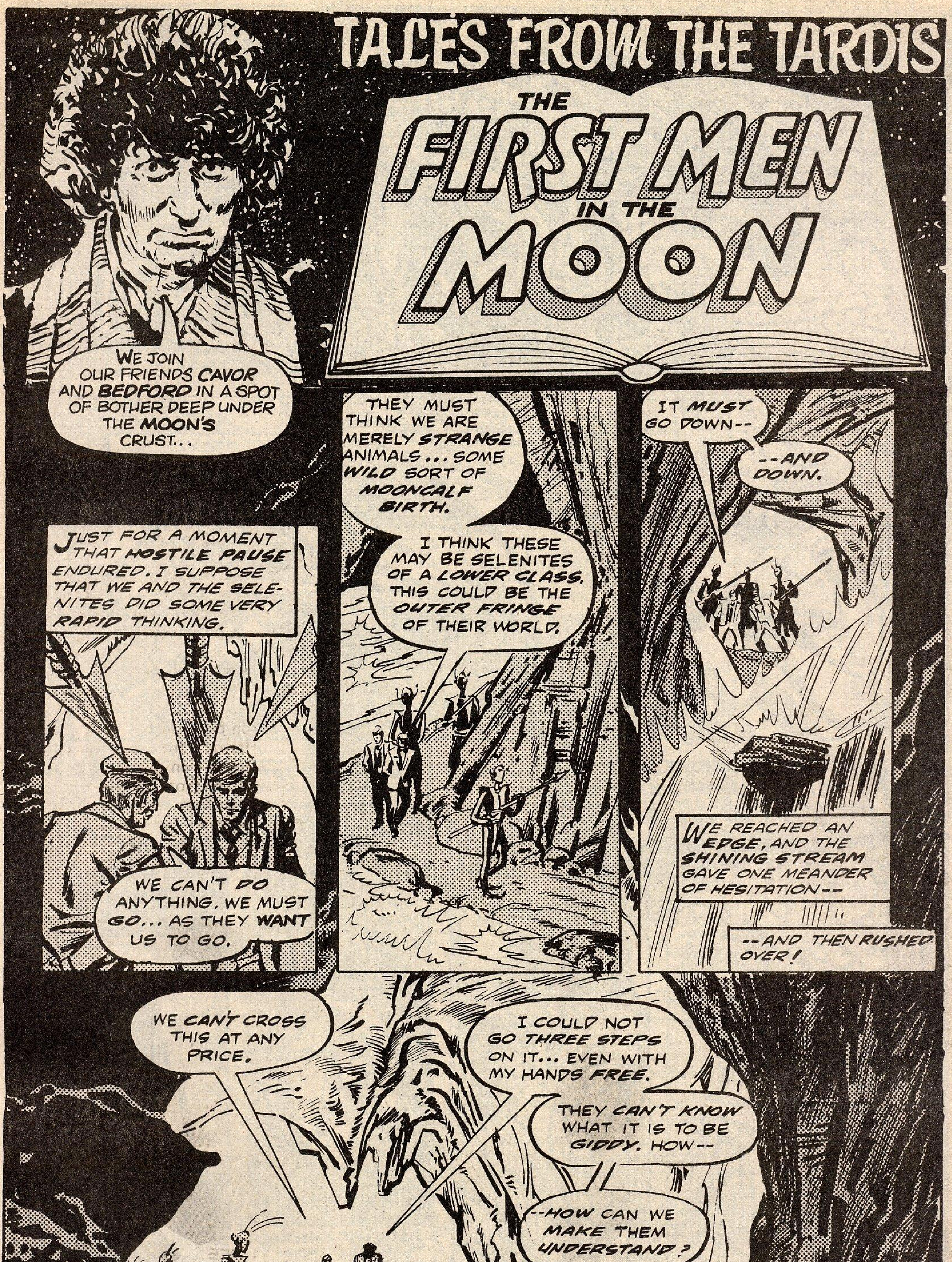
The runners up will each recieve signed photos of the Doctor:

S. Simpson from Hexham;
Hyrum Haworth from Brandlesholme;
James Lupton from Missenden;
Andrew Nixon from Shipley;
A. Goodman from Birmingham;
David McGarva from Eckington;
Steven Pagomenos from Hendon;
Stephen Storey from Loughborough;
Terry Stopher from Stowmarket;
Martyn Hopkins from Port Talbot.

I SEE WATER...YES! YOU ARE GOING ON A LONG JOURNEY...

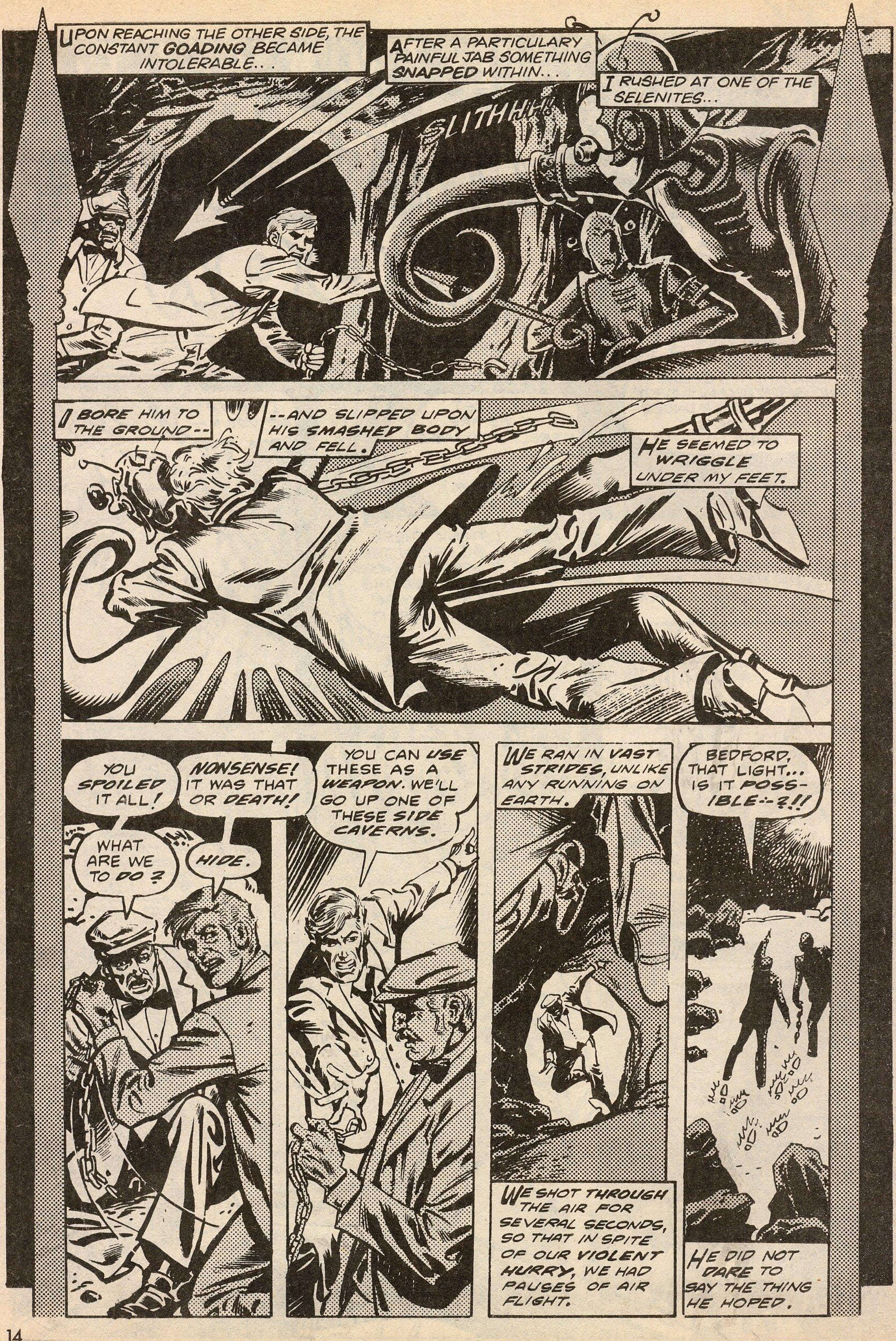
TALES FROM THE TARDIS

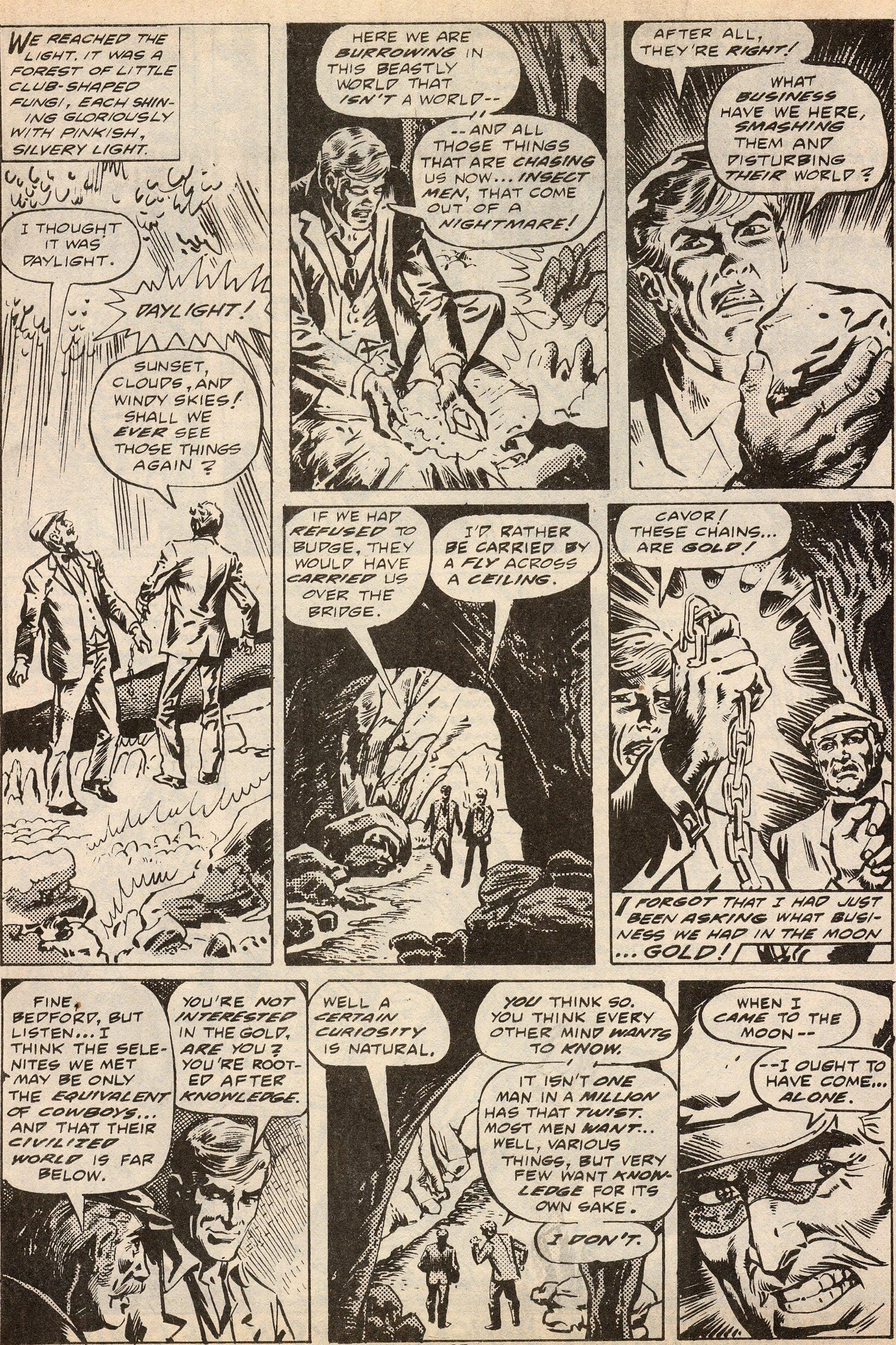
THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

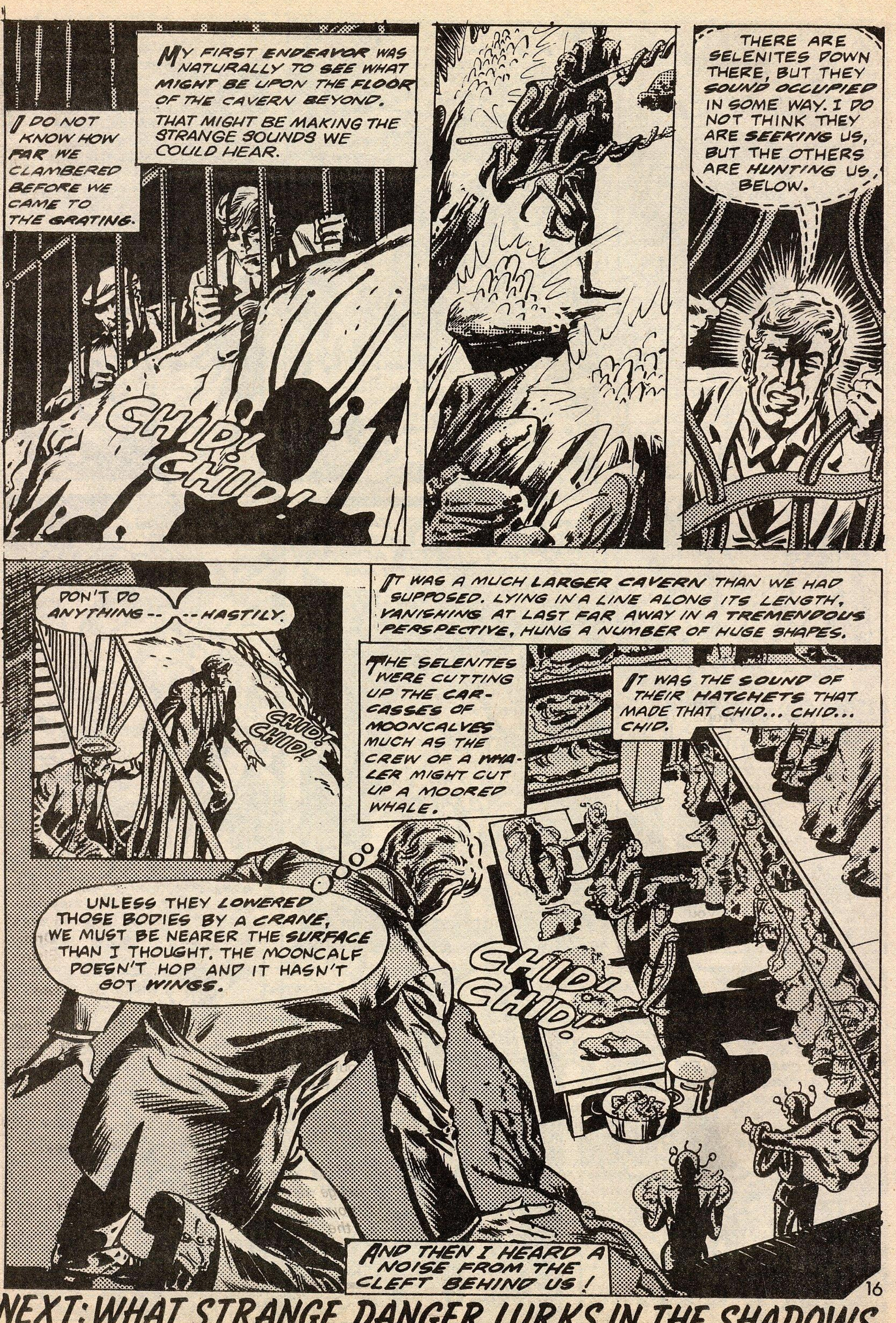

WE JOIN OUR FRIENDS **CAVOR** AND **BEDFORD** IN A SPOT OF BOTHER DEEP UNDER THE **MOON'S** CRUST...
JUST FOR A MOMENT THAT ***HOSTILE PAUSE*** ENDURED. I SUPPOSE THAT WE AND THE SELENITES DID SOME VERY ***RAPID*** THINKING.
WE CAN'T ***DO*** ANYTHING. WE MUST ***GO***... AS THEY ***WANT*** US TO GO.
THEY MUST THINK WE ARE MERELY ***STRANGE*** ANIMALS... SOME ***WILD*** SORT OF ***MOONCALF BIRTH.***
I THINK THESE MAY BE SELENITES OF A ***LOWER CLASS.*** THIS COULD BE THE ***OUTER FRINGE*** OF THEIR WORLD.
IT ***MUST*** GO DOWN--
--AND ***DOWN.***
*WE REACHED AN **EDGE**, AND THE **SHINING STREAM** GAVE ONE MEANDER OF HESITATION--*
*--AND THEN **RUSHED** OVER!*
WE ***CAN'T*** CROSS THIS AT ANY PRICE.
I COULD NOT GO ***THREE STEPS*** ON IT... EVEN WITH MY HANDS ***FREE.***
THEY ***CAN'T KNOW*** WHAT IT IS TO BE ***GIDDY.*** HOW--
--***HOW*** CAN WE ***MAKE*** THEM ***UNDERSTAND?***

Script: Don McGregor. Art: Rudy Mesina.

Adapted from the classic by H.G. Wells


UPON REACHING THE OTHER SIDE, THE CONSTANT GOADING BECAME INTOLERABLE. . .
AFTER A PARTICULARY PAINFUL JAB SOMETHING SNAPPED WITHIN. . .
I RUSHED AT ONE OF THE SELENITES. . .
SLITHHH!
I BORE HIM TO THE GROUND--
--AND SLIPPED UPON HIS SMASHED BODY AND FELL.
HE SEEMED TO WRIGGLE UNDER MY FEET.
YOU SPOILED IT ALL!
NONSENSE! IT WAS THAT OR DEATH!
WHAT ARE WE TO DO?
HIDE.
YOU CAN USE THESE AS A WEAPON. WE'LL GO UP ONE OF THESE SIDE CAVERNS.
WE RAN IN VAST STRIDES, UNLIKE ANY RUNNING ON EARTH.
WE SHOT THROUGH THE AIR FOR SEVERAL SECONDS, SO THAT IN SPITE OF OUR VIOLENT HURRY, WE HAD PAUSES OF AIR FLIGHT.
BEDFORD, THAT LIGHT... IS IT POSSIBLE--?!!
HE DID NOT DARE TO SAY THE THING HE HOPED.


WE REACHED THE LIGHT. IT WAS A FOREST OF LITTLE CLUB-SHAPED FUNGI, EACH SHINING GLORIOUSLY WITH PINKISH, SILVERY LIGHT.
I THOUGHT IT WAS DAYLIGHT.
DAYLIGHT!
SUNSET, CLOUDS, AND WINDY SKIES! SHALL WE EVER SEE THOSE THINGS AGAIN?
HERE WE ARE BURROWING IN THIS BEASTLY WORLD THAT ISN'T A WORLD--
--AND ALL THOSE THINGS THAT ARE CHASING US NOW... INSECT MEN, THAT COME OUT OF A NIGHTMARE!
AFTER ALL, THEY'RE RIGHT!
WHAT BUSINESS HAVE WE HERE, SMASHING THEM AND DISTURBING THEIR WORLD?
IF WE HAD REFUSED TO BUDGE, THEY WOULD HAVE CARRIED US OVER THE BRIDGE.
I'D RATHER BE CARRIED BY A FLY ACROSS A CEILING.
CAVOR! THESE CHAINS... ARE GOLD!
I FORGOT THAT I HAD JUST BEEN ASKING WHAT BUSINESS WE HAD IN THE MOON ... GOLD!
FINE, BEDFORD, BUT LISTEN... I THINK THE SELENITES WE MET MAY BE ONLY THE EQUIVALENT OF COWBOYS... AND THAT THEIR CIVILIZED WORLD IS FAR BELOW.
YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED IN THE GOLD, ARE YOU? YOU'RE ROOTED AFTER KNOWLEDGE.
WELL A CERTAIN CURIOSITY IS NATURAL.
YOU THINK SO. YOU THINK EVERY OTHER MIND WANTS TO KNOW.
IT ISN'T ONE MAN IN A MILLION HAS THAT TWIST. MOST MEN WANT... WELL, VARIOUS THINGS, BUT VERY FEW WANT KNOWLEDGE FOR ITS OWN SAKE.
I DON'T.
WHEN I CAME TO THE MOON--
--I OUGHT TO HAVE COME... ALONE.


MY FIRST ENDEAVOR WAS NATURALLY TO SEE WHAT MIGHT BE UPON THE FLOOR OF THE CAVERN BEYOND.
THAT MIGHT BE MAKING THE STRANGE SOUNDS WE COULD HEAR.
I DO NOT KNOW HOW FAR WE CLAMBERED BEFORE WE CAME TO THE GRATING.
CHID! CHID!
THERE ARE SELENITES DOWN THERE, BUT THEY SOUND OCCUPIED IN SOME WAY. I DO NOT THINK THEY ARE SEEKING US, BUT THE OTHERS ARE HUNTING US BELOW.
DON'T DO ANYTHING --
-- HASTILY.
CHID! CHID!
IT WAS A MUCH LARGER CAVERN THAN WE HAD SUPPOSED. LYING IN A LINE ALONG ITS LENGTH, VANISHING AT LAST FAR AWAY IN A TREMENDOUS PERSPECTIVE, HUNG A NUMBER OF HUGE SHAPES.
THE SELENITES WERE CUTTING UP THE CARCASSES OF MOONCALVES MUCH AS THE CREW OF A WHALER MIGHT CUT UP A MOORED WHALE.
IT WAS THE SOUND OF THEIR HATCHETS THAT MADE THAT CHID... CHID... CHID.
UNLESS THEY LOWERED THOSE BODIES BY A CRANE, WE MUST BE NEARER THE SURFACE THAN I THOUGHT. THE MOONCALF DOESN'T HOP AND IT HASN'T GOT WINGS.
CHID! CHID!
AND THEN I HEARD A NOISE FROM THE CLEFT BEHIND US!

NEXT: WHAT STRANGE DANGER LURKS IN THE SHADOWS

WHO CARES!

Once more, we have a huge batch of your letters — and photos — to print so let's get straight into them . . .

Dear Doctor,

I think that the artwork in your magazine is excellent, and the stories are great. Although I'm 16 I don't remember any stories before Jon Pertwee took over as the Doctor, except that I used to hide behind the settee when the Daleks were on.

I am now an avid viewer, and was upset by the short '79-80 series, glad to hear that the next is going to be longer.

Pat Hunt,
Worcs.

Dear Doctor,

I think your comic is fantastic. I have been buying it since issue one and will continue to do so. I also buy the **Dr Who** books and watch your tv series.

Anyway, Doctor, keep up the good work, and keep the comic going. Could you do another Silurian story?

Billy Wheeler,
Widnes.

Reader Neil Sturland from Stone.

Dear Doctor,

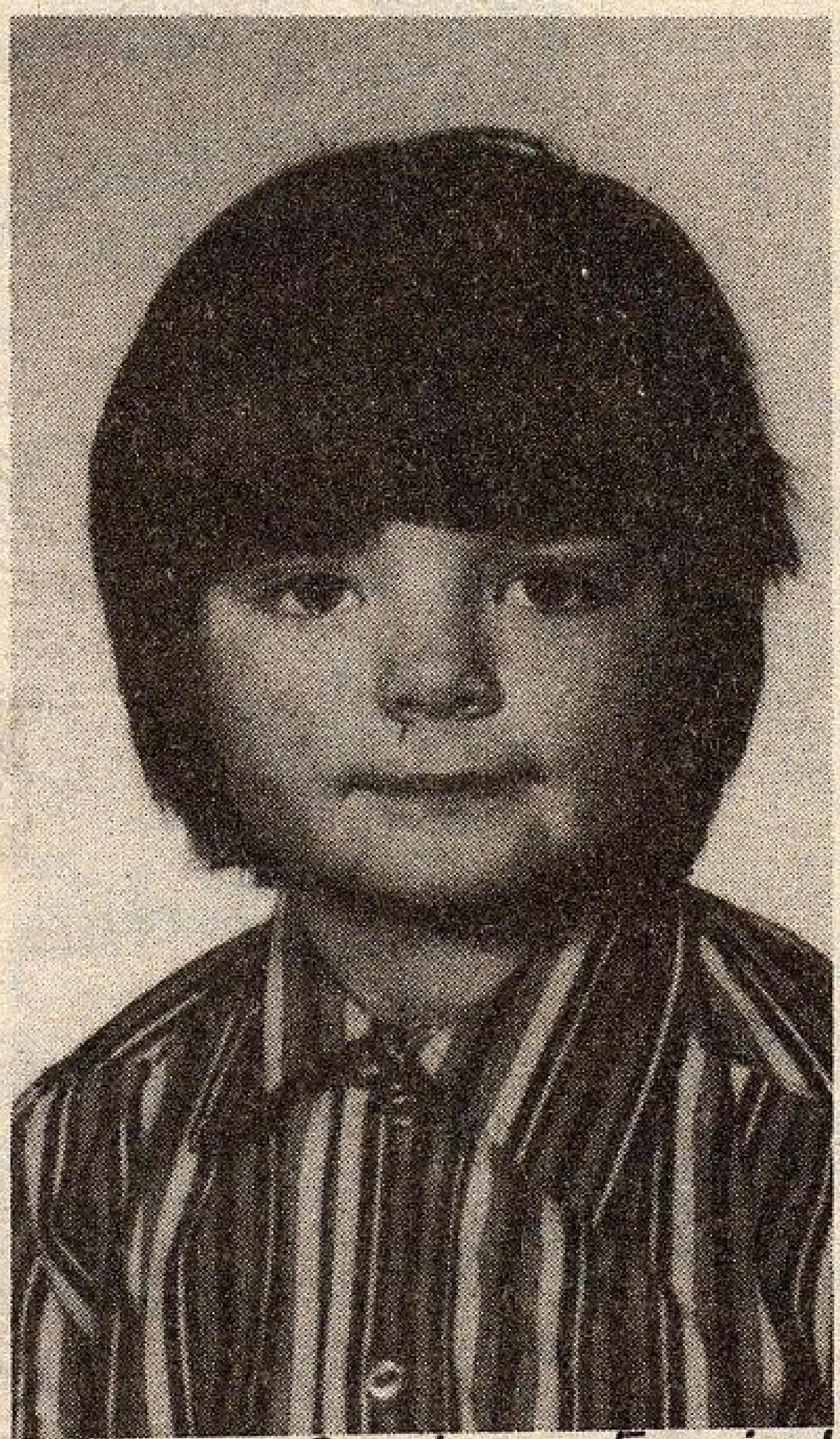
I would like to congratulate you on your fantastic comic. The stories are first class, and the other features are excellent.

I think it would be a great idea for the BBC to show repeats of older **Dr Who** shows throughout the Easter or Summer holidays.

Over the years the series has been getting shorter and shorter, I hope the BBC won't let it slip away!

Andrew Price,
Aberdeen.

Don't worry Andrew the next series will be the longest yet!



Reader Stephen Farnival from Clywd.

Dear Doctor,

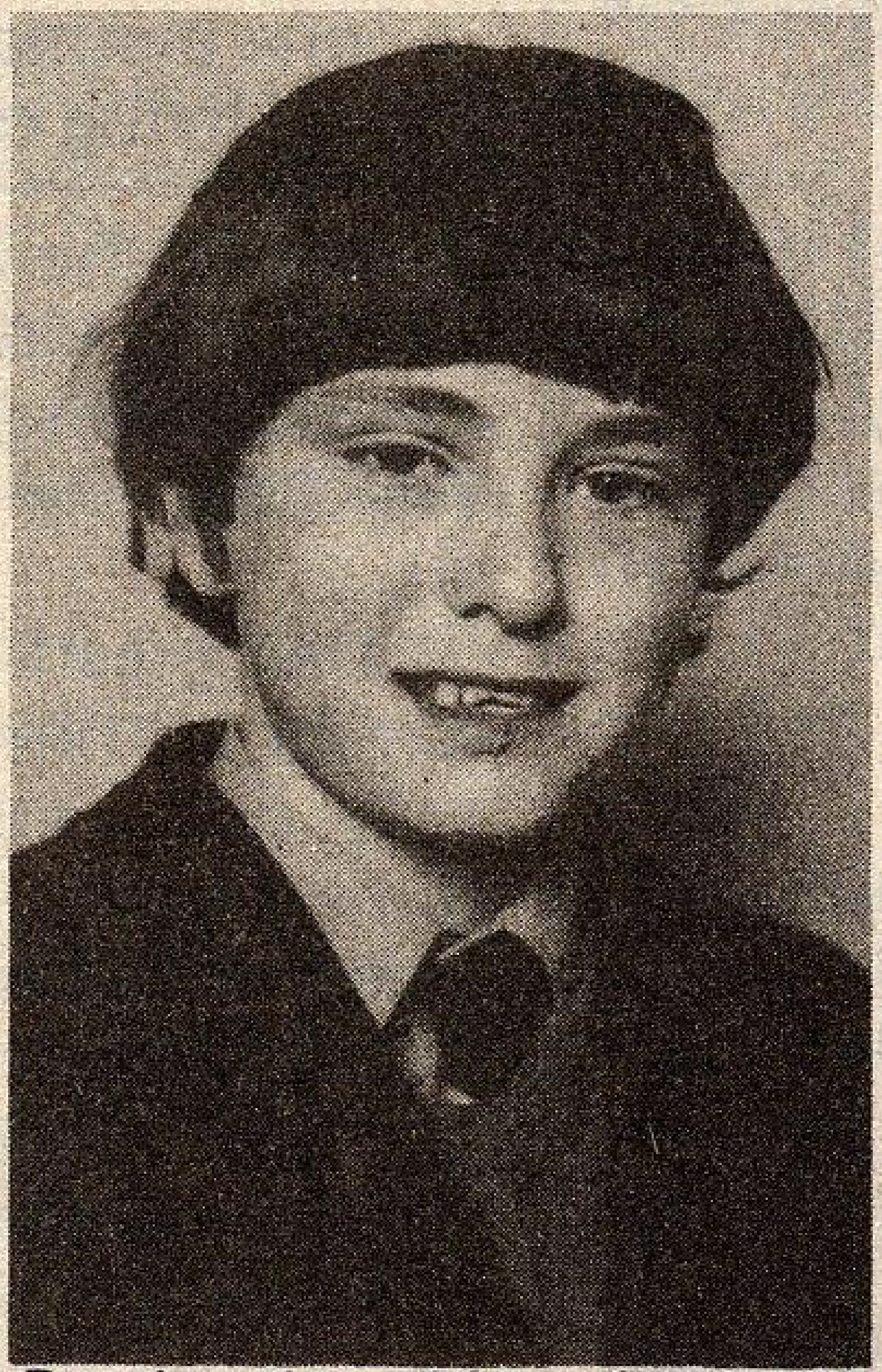
"Ship of Fools" was a great comic strip, I've only read the first part and I'm already hooked!

It was great to see Kroton back in action again, I felt sure you wouldn't leave him deserted in space for too long.

I hope that Kroton will have lots of adventures with his new found companions.

Any chance of seeing Abslom Daak again?

Crawford Jones,
London.



Reader Ian Lion from St Helens.

Dear Doctor,

I think that your comic is great. My favourite story has been "Twilight of the Silurians".

I would like to ask you a question, when you were on Earth, did you ever drive a car?

Clive Warson,
Essex.

Yes, as a matter of fact I did Clive, a dear little car by the name of Bessie.

Dear Doctor,

I was disappointed that the Meep turned out to be a baddie, he looked so cute and innocent. I was shocked when he got out a gun and shot one of the Wrarth Warriors in cold blood!

Simon Mills,
Herts.

Dear Doctor,

Please could you put the blueprints of the Daleks in your comic, as my dad has already made me a K-9.

John Denyer,
Tottenham.

Love to oblige dear chap, but can you imagine the chaos in the country if everyone was building Daleks?

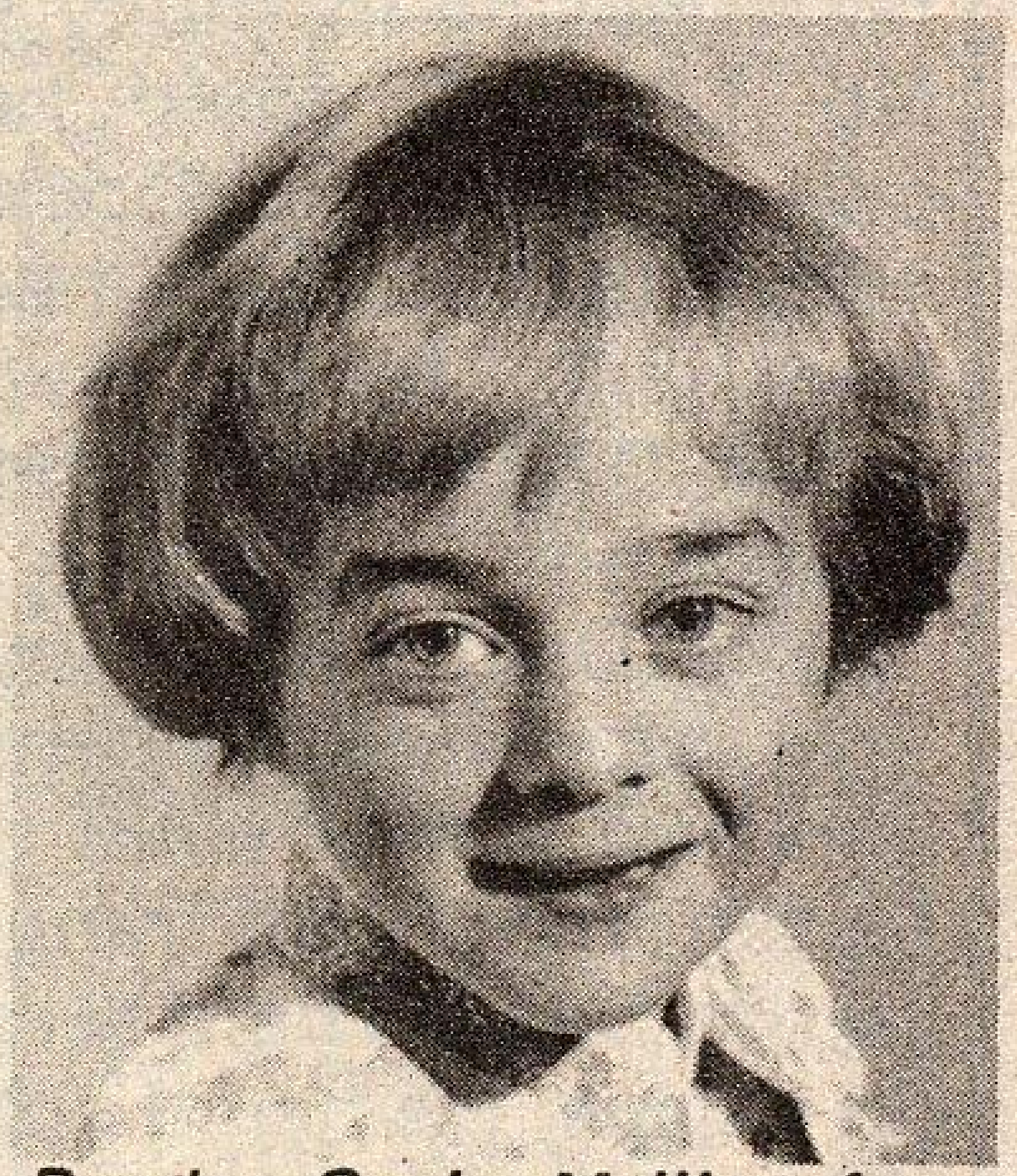
Dear Doctor,

The "Star Beast" is interesting, I had a feeling that the Meep was evil. It just goes to show that appearances can be deceiving! The "Twilight of the Silurians" was very good.

How about doing a story featuring the Zarbi, or the first Doctor.

Keep up the good work.

D. Warren,
Walsall.



Reader Gavin Melling from Nelson.

Dear Doctor,

Loved your latest issue, although I can't say I'm too keen on this First Men in the Moon story, can't we have something else?

The Kroton and Doctor strips were fantastic, I can't wait to see how the Doctor deals with the Meep now that he knows he's a villain.

Keep up the good work!

Steve Ormer,
Elstree.

Steve, you'll be pleased to know that in a few weeks we're beginning a brand new comic strip series called Time Tales. Chilling time travel mysteries. Watch out for it!

Who Cares!
Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish
Town Road,
London NW5.

STOWAWAY

The uninvited menace which lurked within the TARDIS had only one instinct in its hideous slimy body... to hunt down the sole living occupant of the ship and to totally destroy him...

"How very extraordinary!" exclaimed the Doctor, anxiously peering at the flickering lights of his central console. "Do my calculations deceive me, or has the impossible happened?" He reached in his pocket for the reassuring crinkle of his jelly-baby packet, and pondered anew.

Yes, the impossible had indeed happened . . . The TARDIS had materialised in solid *rock!*

The cause of this dilemma, as any trainee Time Lord could tell you, was due to a fault in the safety-scanner. That delicate instrument, recently made compulsory by Gallifreyan law, was designed to stop time-ships materialising in tricky situations. No TARDIS could be without one, though the Doctor had to admit that his own had been on the blink for a few hundred years. When *hadn't* the TARDIS landed him in danger?

The Doctor was now trapped — imprisoned beneath six hundred feet of solid rock in the barren mountain ranges of the planet Neto. There seemed to be no escape. He dared not move his ship without first repairing the safety-scanner,Why, the TARDIS might find any number of terrifying dangers in the unknown reaches of the universe.

Yet what the Doctor hadn't realised was that the TARDIS didn't have to go anywhere else to find danger . . . It was already trapped with him on board . . .

"This infernal safety-scanner!" shouted the Doctor, throwing down his Gallifreyan sensor-spanner.

Five hours entombed in a rock is enough to make anyone, even the Doctor, a little jumpy.

"What we need is a nice cup of tea — right K-9?"

With a sweep of the scarf, the Doctor hurried off in search of tea, unaware of the danger which lurked in the dark corridors of his ship . . .

Green, pulsating and totally evil, the being who now stalked the Doctor, had arrived aboard the TARDIS many centuries ago. It had simply been a spawn, caught in the velvet jacket of the Doctor's first incarnation during a visit to the notorious planet of Slemos. Lying in one of the countless forgotten rooms of the TARDIS, the alien seed begun to grow . . .

The green menace that now lurked within the TARDIS, had only one instinct in its hideous, slimy body . . . to hunt down the living occupant of the ship and to totally destroy him!

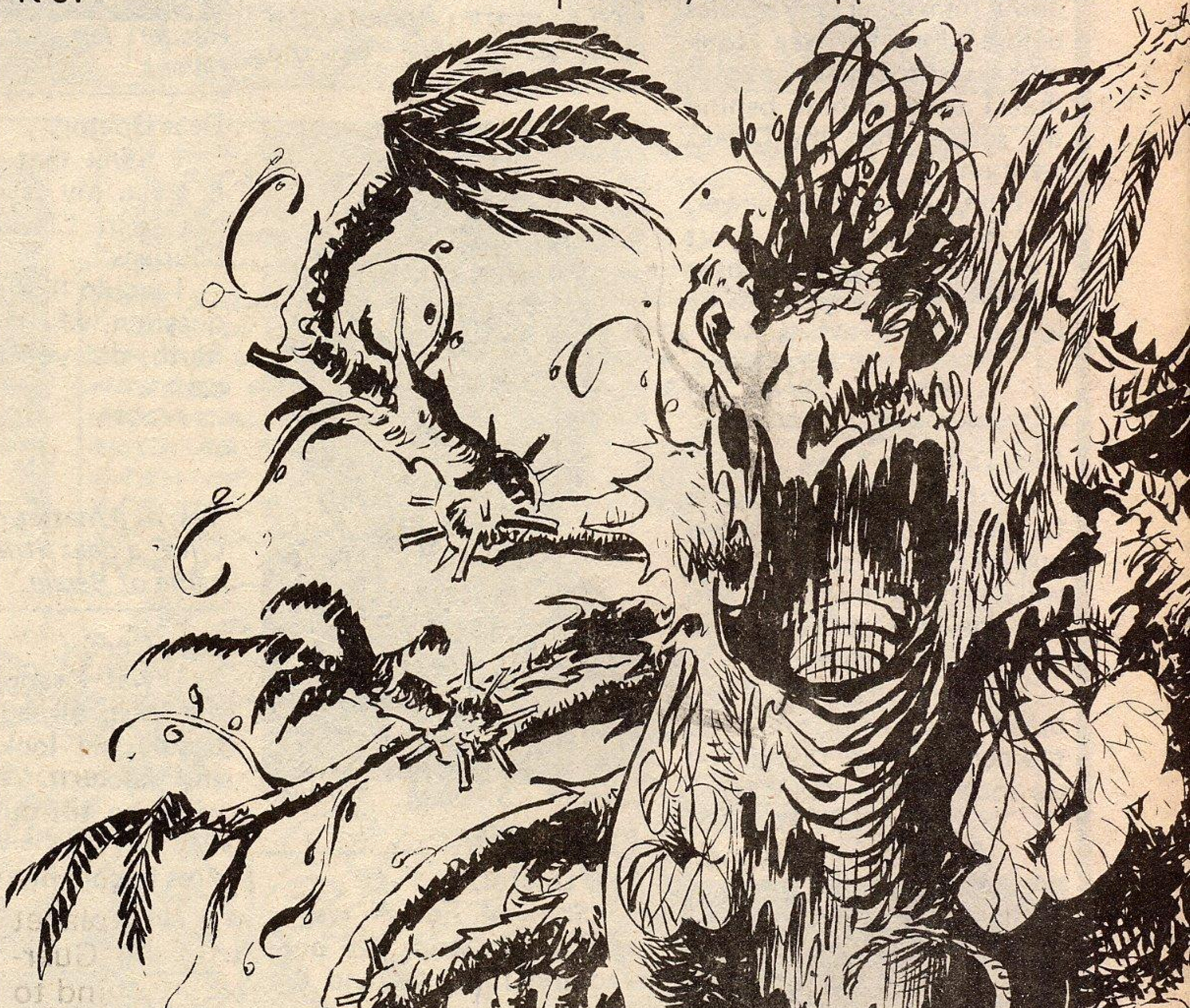
"Now where did we put that rather fine blend of Vesuvian tea K-9?"

"Right hand shelf, Master."

"Ah, yes."

The Doctor's mind was so preoccupied with thoughts of tea and safety-scanners, that he failed to notice the sweet, sickly smell which wafted into the room.

CRASH! A stool toppled over and the Doctor swung round to find himself face to face with the most horrific creature he had seen in years. Quite a shock when you're trapped six hundred



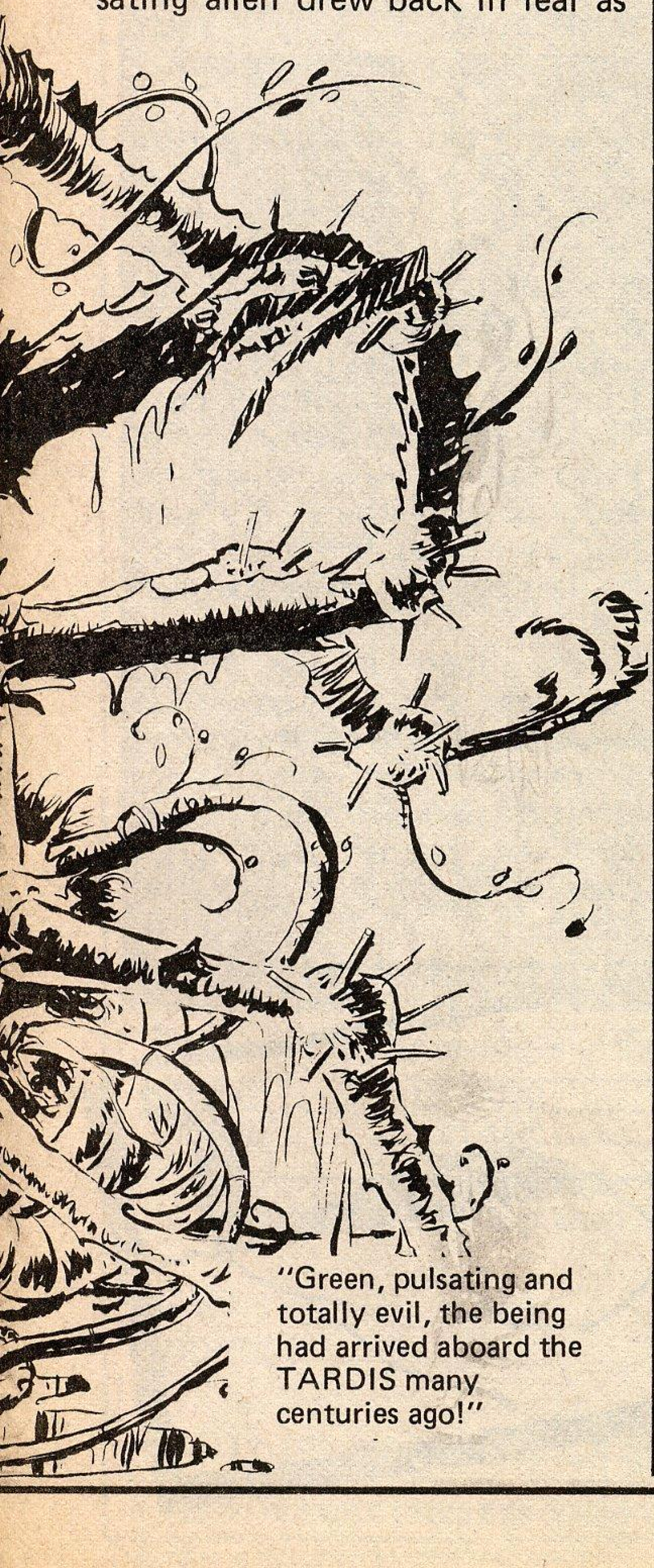
feet below solid rock!

The Doctor stared in horror as the green, pulsating terror crawled slowly towards him. He could sense the creature's evil, its single-minded instinct to kill . . .

"Run K-9!" shouted the Doctor. The little computer dog did as his Master commanded and bolted for the door.

The Doctor knew that he was trapped. He had no weapons with which to fight this nameless horror, or the possibility of escape. The creature lay waiting between him and the door!

K-9, hurriedly making a few rough calculations on the limited data at hand, realised that a quick burst of fire wouldn't go amiss – it might stun the creature long enough to save his Master. **AARGH!** The green, pulsating alien drew back in fear as K-9's power beam scorched its side.



"Green, pulsating and totally evil, the being had arrived aboard the TARDIS many centuries ago!"

"Good show my little chap!" congratulated the Doctor as they raced back down the dimly lit corridors to the comparative safety of the central console room.

"I really do wish house-guests would show a little more graciousness," said the Doctor, as he begun the task of barricading the door to the outside corridor.

"How are your batteries, K-9?"

"Only 30 percent probability of repelling another attack, Master".

The Doctor was worried. To be entombed with a low-powered robot mutt and a thoroughly nasty piece of green slime was no joke. In fact, for the first time in weeks, he couldn't think of anything even faintly funny.

Biting the head off his fifth jelly-baby, he smelt the now familiar sweet smell of decay. The creature was outside the door!

Through a green, hazy mist the contorting slimy being saw the rough outlines of a door, and knew his quarry to be on the other side . . .

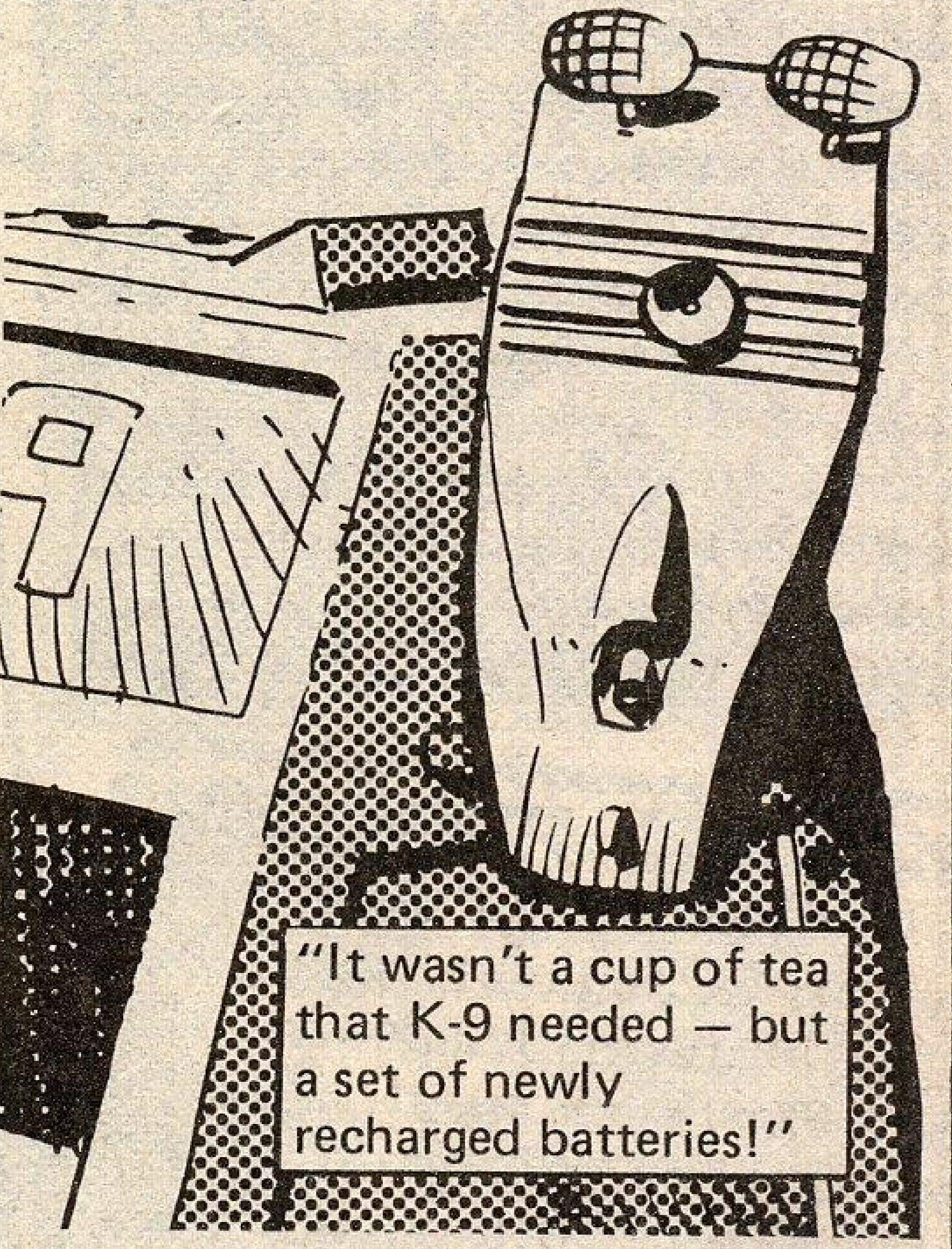
". . . crush . . . barrier," it thought. ". . . destroy . . . the Doctor."

"Push, K-9," puffed the exhausted Time Lord. "Harder!" he cried, feeling the door give way to the tremendous force that seethed on the other side.

CRASH! All hope collapsed with the door. As the Doctor faced the green, pulsating terror, he knew that this time, there really was no escape . . .

Light years away, in the steamy swamps of the planet Slemos, the ever-watchful Guardian of Good, opened its mind to the battle of wills being fought out among the stars. Telepathically attuned to the creature's single-minded instinct to kill, the Guardians had, for centuries protected the planet's murky undergrowth from the Green Terror which lurked there. Yet never had this monster of creation travelled so far into space. The Guardian of Good realised that it must not be allowed to spread its evil spawns across the universe. Yet was its mind strong enough to traverse such an immense distance? Could the Green Terror be stopped?

AREEAAOOO! A hideous scream pierced the tense silence aboard the TARDIS. The Guardian's penetrating thought waves brought the creature to a trembling heap of miserable agony. The Green Terror was soon helpless and in no time at all a large cage was found to house the creature.



"It wasn't a cup of tea that K-9 needed – but a set of newly recharged batteries!"

"My word!" cried the Doctor, a little relieved as the bolt slid to. "K-9, do you have any data on what could have possibly happened to remind our unfriendly green guest of his manners?"

But the little computer dog could hardly reply – the events of the last few hours had proved too much for him. And it wasn't a cup of tea that K-9 needed, Vesuvian or otherwise, as the Doctor tried to suggest – but a set of newly recharged batteries!

"That's it!" said the Doctor, happily throwing down his Gallifreyan sensor-spanner. "We're all fixed and ready to go."

"Are you sure, Master?" replied an uncertain K-9, "Data banks suggest a fitting description of job to be . . . botched!

"BOTCHED!" shouted the Doctor, horrified by his companions unintentional insolence – but he chuckled to himself as the TARDIS began its next journey. Life was so much more exciting with a faulty safety-scanner!

FANTASTIC FACTS

Ultimate proof that fact is more fantastic than fantasy.

GOOD OLD ROCK

Bones dug up in 1908 in Chernigor, USSR from an Old Stone Age dwelling have turned out to be percussion instruments. They are mammoth bones, two lower jawbones, a shoulder blade, a thigh bone and a fragment of skull, all painted with patterns in red ochre. These were struck with beaters made of deer antlers and mammoth teeth. Stone-age rock music perhaps?

KNOTTY PROBLEM

If you thought your homework was difficult, how about this? Mathematicians have discovered a type of problem which they call "intrinsically difficult". Although they know just how the answer can be worked out it would need a computer the size of the universe to do it. Even this monster machine would take at least 20 thousand million years and that is longer than the universe has existed so far.

A BRICKLAYER'S LUCK

Brian Chellender, a bricklayer of Bournemouth bent down to pick up a pin for good luck and was knocked unconscious by a falling brick.

CLASSIC FASHION

Excavations in the peat near Hadrian's Wall at the site of a Roman settlement called Vindolanda have revealed a number of fascinating objects including a perfectly preserved leather sandal identical to a type which may be bought today in any town in Britain.

OLD OIL

The Chinese discovered crude oil 2,000 years ago. A writer of those days told of a stream with "fat" on its water which could be picked up, turned yellow, then black and finally made into an ointment called "stone-paint". When burnt it gave out bright flames.

THE SURREY PUMA

Strange, unexplained creatures are said to roam the countryside — creatures clearly not native to this country and impossible to track down . . . One such phenomenon is the notorious Surrey Puma.

It started in 1977 when villagers found unusually large paw prints in the snow. And then reports of a black cat-like creature, "the size of a small pony", came flooding in . . .

Had the creature escaped from a zoo? Apparently not. The only local zoo which keeps tigers, lions, cheetahs and black panthers, has not had an escape for years and the last panther to escape was shot.

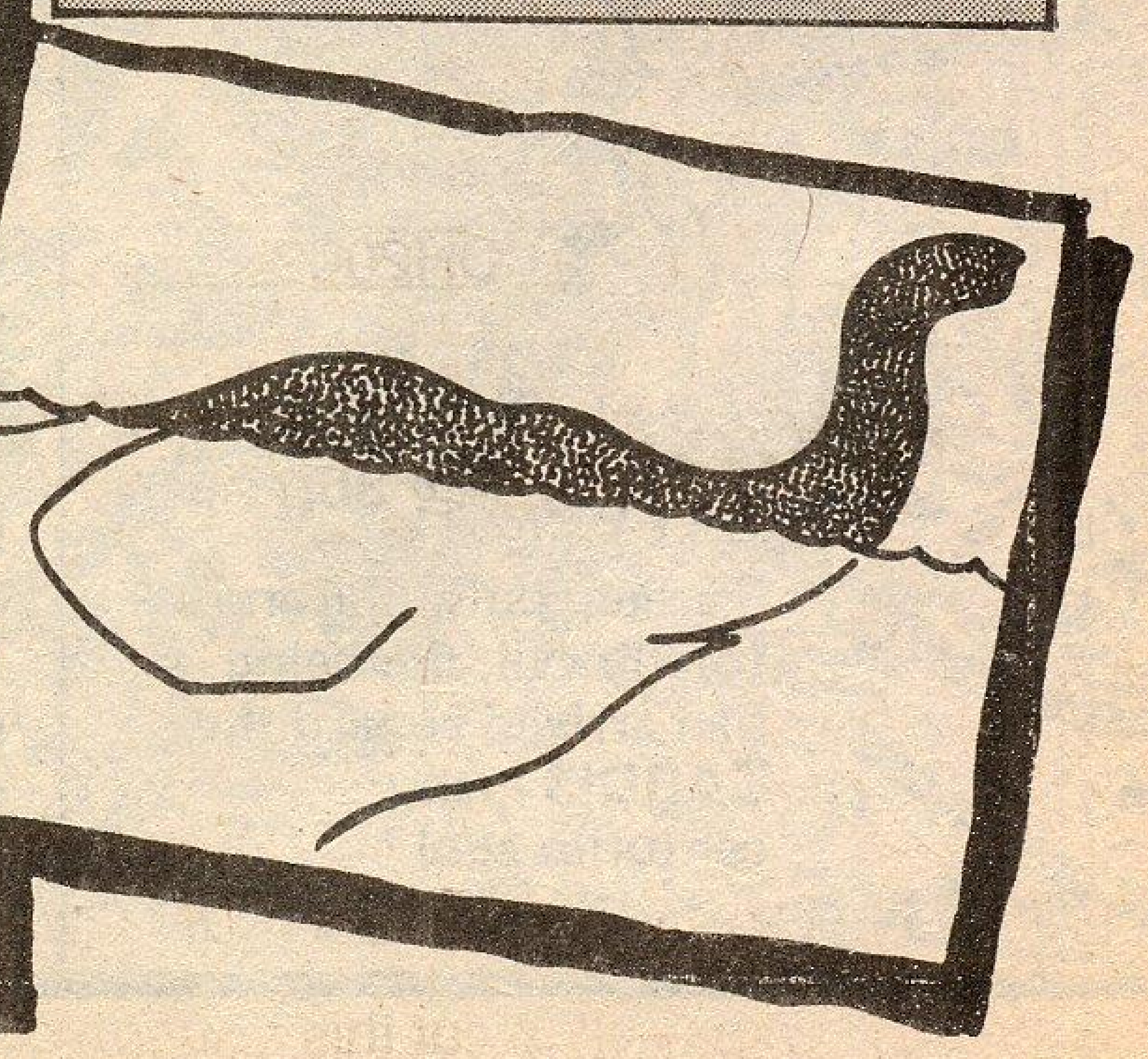
Who then is the feline monster which roams the woods and fields of the Surrey countryside? The ghost of an escaped panther shot years ago? An animal freak? An alien? Whatever it is – it's still out there!

NESSIE NEWS

In August 1979, Dr Power and Dr Johnson, American scientists writing in a British science magazine pointed out the quite remarkable similarity between the few existing photographs of the "Loch Ness Monster" and photographs of elephants swimming in the rivers of Sri Lanka. They then went on to suggest quite seriously that Nessie might possibly be an elephant although they offered no ideas about where she might hide when she is not swimming in the loch.

But there is one clue to the mystery which the good doctors may have overlooked . . .

The ancient inhabitants of Scotland, the Picts, made a great many carvings on stones of the animals which they saw around them. If there was such a thing as the "Loch Ness Monster" surely they would have carved this too. Well, it just so happens that there is one type of animal carved on Pictish stones which nobody has been able to explain. The strange shape of this creature led archaeologists many years ago to label it the "swimming elephant".



DOCTOR WHO GREETING CARDS

DOCTOR WHO
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
DH2001

DOCTOR WHO
TODAY
2
DH2002

DOCTOR WHO
3
DH2003

DOCTOR WHO
TODAY.
4
DH2004

DOCTOR WHO
TODAY.
5
DH2005

DOCTOR WHO
TODAY.
6
DH2006

DOCTOR WHO
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DH2007

DOCTOR WHO
TODAY.
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DH2008

DOCTOR WHO
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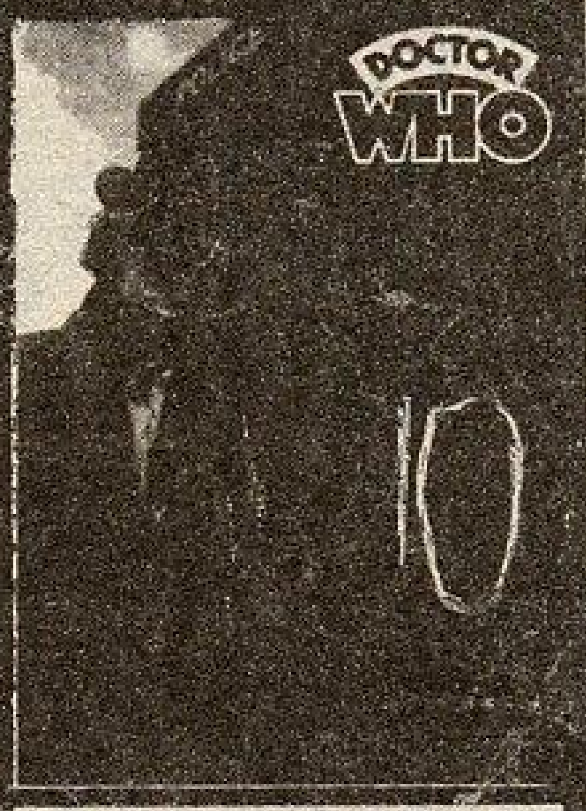
DH2009


DOCTOR WHO
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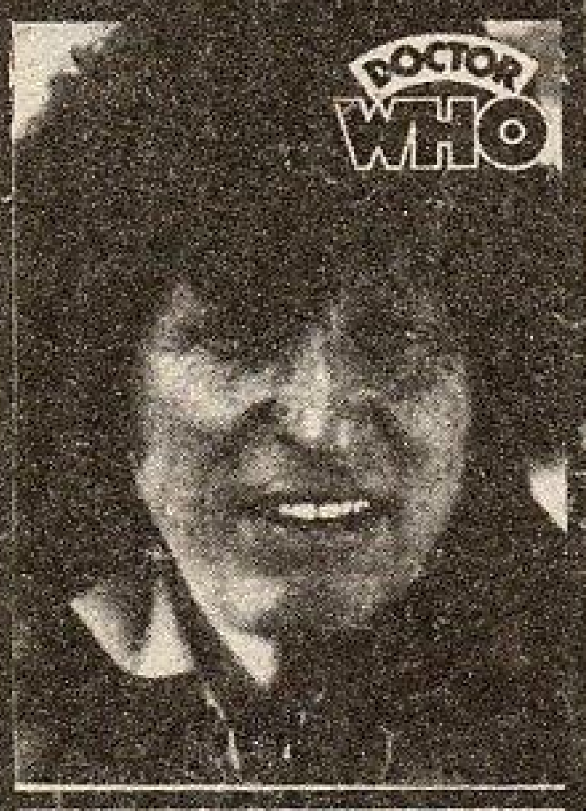
DH2010



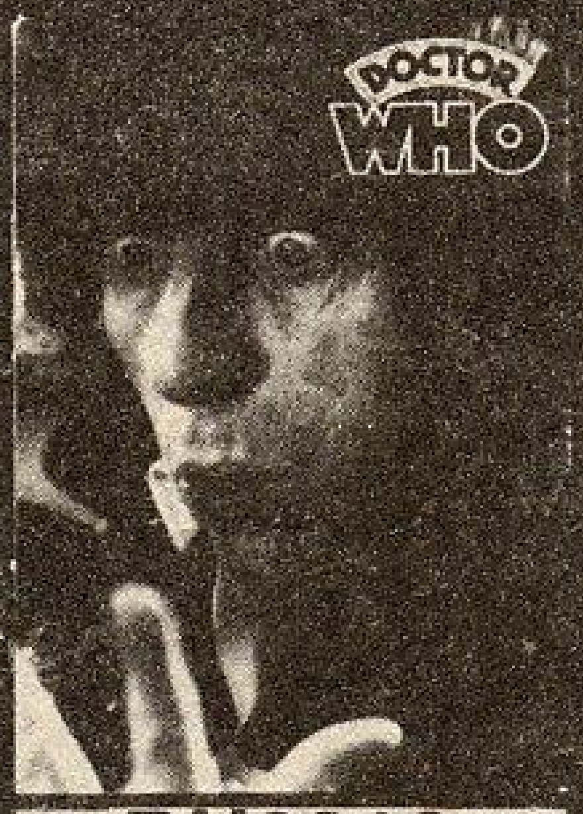
DH2011

DOCTOR WHO
PY BIRTHDAY
DH2012

POLICE
DOCTOR WHO
GET WELL SOON
DH2013

POLICE
DOCTOR WHO
DH2014

DH2015



DH2016

DH2017

DH2018

On offer this week is our highly praised series of DR. WHO **greeting cards**. Beautifully **photographed** and printed on a **high quality** board, all cards are 5″ by 7″ and in **full colour**, featuring a specially written verse by **Tom Baker**!

Ranging from age cards to 'get well' cards to open cards they are ideal to send to your friends and fun to collect as well.

The cards cost only **36p** each and are sent **post free**. If you decide to buy the whole set of 18 DR. WHO cards you will then receive a **free** card **autographed** by **Tom Baker himself**!!!!

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DH2007	DH2008	DH2009	DG2010	DH2011	DH2012
DH2013	DH2014	DH2015	DH2016	DH2017	DH2018

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ADDRESS ....

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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN ....

If you do not wish to cut this coupon out of your comic just write your order down on a separate piece of paper.

This offer is not open to overseas readers.

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DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

cut out and collect the entire series

Entry Number Twenty Five:- ANNEKE WILLS

BORN: 20th October 1941
ROLE: Polly
YEARS: 1966 to 1967
MAJOR TV APPEARANCES: **The Railway Children, The Strange World of Gurney Slade; The Primitive; Toddler on the Run; Strange Report.**

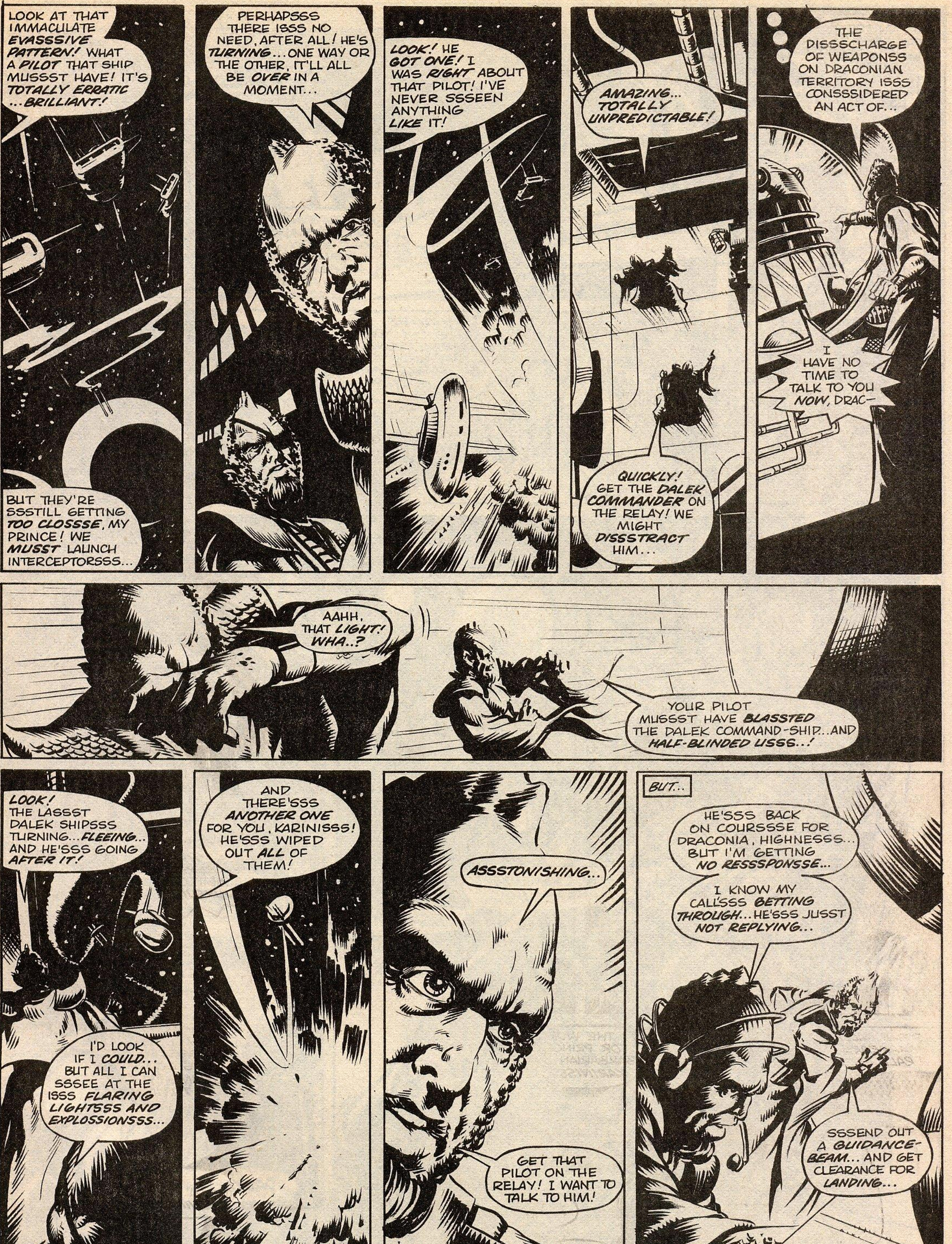
SPECIAL MENTION: Born of Dutch-English parentage, Anneke Wills decided to keep her distinctive eye catching maiden name for the acting profession. However many viewers in this country might know her as Mrs Michael Gough since her husband is the celebrated film and television actor recently seen in an episode of **Blake's Seven** and as Sir Anthony Eden in the major production of **Suez.**

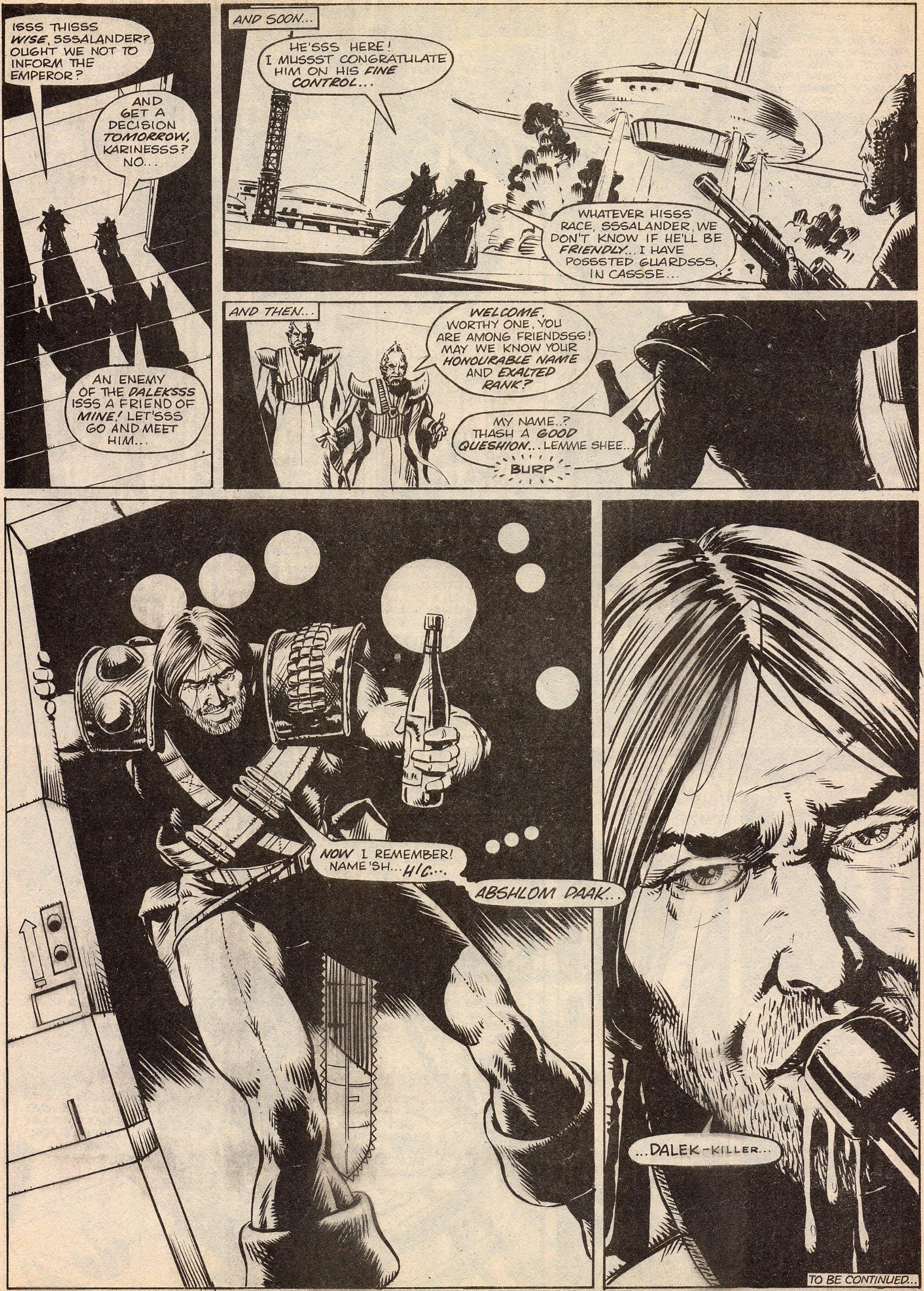
Recalling her days in the series, Anneke remembered a wicked practical joke she and Michael Craze (Ben) played on the second Doctor, Patrick Troughton. For their first rehearsal together the two of them entered the room wearing T-shirts specially printed with the words ''Come Back Bill Hartnell''. Patrick Troughton's comments were never recorded.

Anneke Wills' ability to scream loudly in moments of danger is well remembered. This often led to slight domestic crises at home amongst her two young children who watched the series in constant peril of their mother's life!

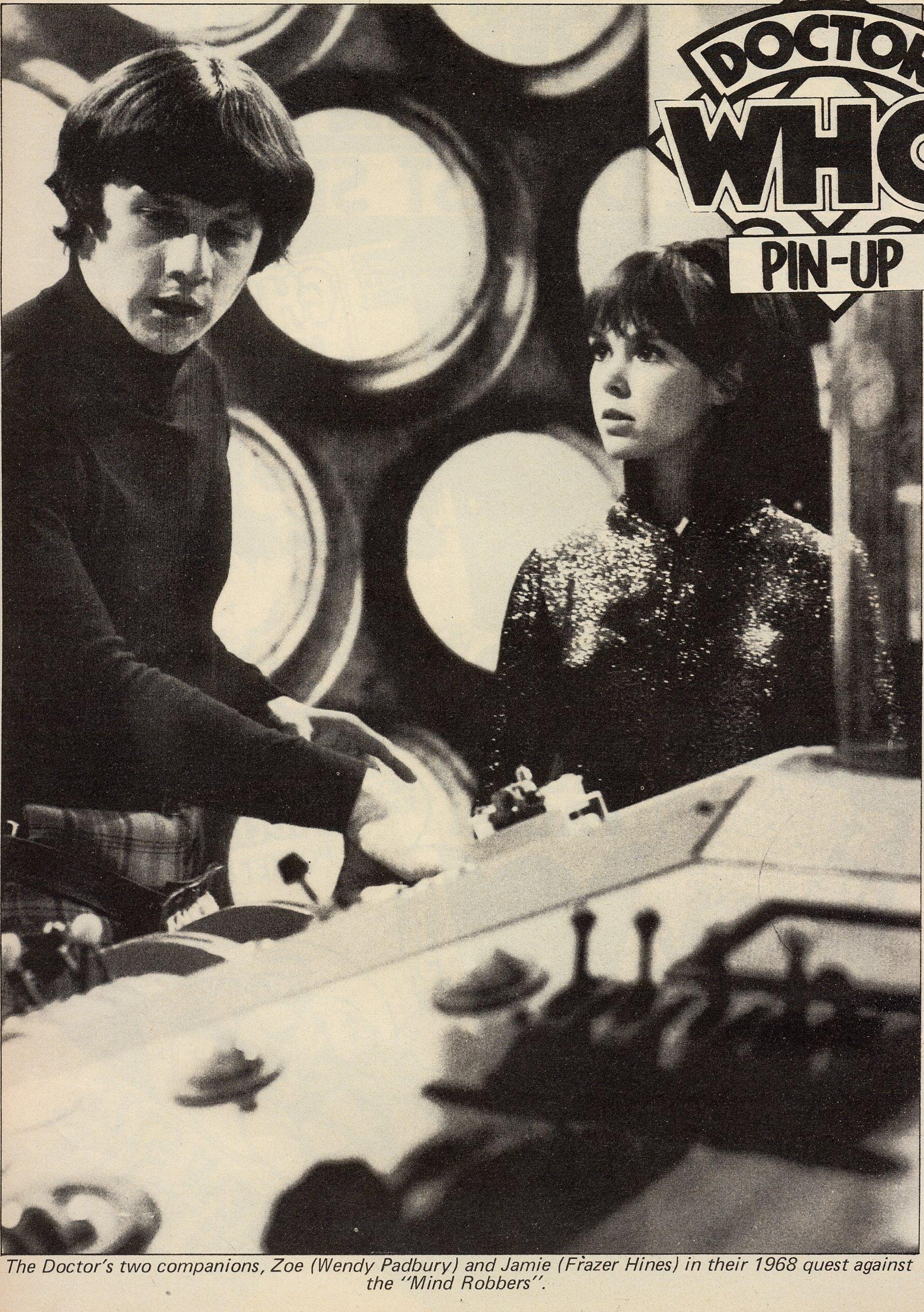
STAR TIGERS
THE 26th. CENTURY... A TIME OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY FOR THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE. THE FRONTIER WAR WITH EARTH HAS BEEN FOUGHT AND SETTLED, NOW DRACONIAN FREIGHTERS PLY THE TRADE-ROUTES WITH RICH CARGOES, UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE IMPERIAL BATTLE-CRUISER FLEET...
BUT EVEN IN SUCH TIMES AS THESE, THERE ARE THREATS... AND VIGILANT MINISTERS TO REPORT THEM...
YOU HAVE THE INTELLIGENCE REPORTS, PRINCE SSSALANDER?
I DO, IMPERIAL HIGHNESSSS...
THE DALEKSSS CONTINUE TO EXPAND THEIR EMPIRE... WITHIN THE LASSST THREE MONTHSSS, THEY HAVE CONQUERED THE PLANET MAZAM...
MOORE + DILLON
FROM MAZAM THEY CAN EASILY REACH GIRODUN...AND FROM THERE THREATEN OUR TRADE-ROUTESSS...
I BEG THAT OUR DEFENCESSS BE SSSTRENGTHENED... AND THE 27th FLEET BE MOVED TO THAT SECTOR...
BUT WHILE THERE ARE THREATS WITHOUT, THERE IS ALSO DANGER WITHIN...
LISSSTEN TO HIM PRATTLE! ALWAYSSS PUSHING FOR MORE BATTLE-CRUISERSSS... BECAUSE HE OWNSSS THE EMPIRE'S BIGGEST SHIPYARD...
BUT I'LL GET CENSSSOR PRALISS TO IMPEACH HIM... A FEW POUNDS OF DIAMONDS WILL SSSEE TO THAT...
AND AXIRON, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE IMPERIAL RIGHT HAND, IS ALWAYS EAGER TO MAKE HIS VOICE HEARD...
FORGIVE ME, MAJESSSTY ... I DISSSAGREE!
THE DALEKSSS ARE ALREADY AT WAR WITH THE HUMANSSS FROM EARTH... THEY WILL NOT FIGHT ON TWO FRONTSSS...
LET USSS NEGOTIATE WITH THE DALEKSSS! WE CAN MAKE A TREATY... TO GIVE USSS PEACE IN OUR TIME...!
BAH, THE FOOL! WORDS LIKE THAT WILL DIG A GRAVE FOR OUR ENTIRE RACE...

AND AS SALANDER LEAVES THE COURT...
YOU ARE ANGRY, MY PRINCE?
IT'S THAT OBSSSEQUIOUSSS TOADY, THE SECRETARY OF THE RIGHT!
AH, BUT YOU MUSSST BE CAREFUL, MY LORD... THE PEACE-CLIQUE HASSS THE EMPEROR'SSS EAR...
WE IN THE MILITARY KNOW YOU ARE RIGHT... BUT THE EMPEROR DOESSS NOT WANT ANOTHER WAR... NOT SSSO SSOON AFTER FIGHTING THE HUMANSSS...
GENERAL KARINISSS... MY LORD... YOU ARE WANTED IN THE INTELLIGENCE UNIT.
AND WHEN SALANDER ARRIVES AT THE UNIT WHICH HE COMMANDS...
WE'RE GETTING A REPORT OVER THE HYPER-SSSPACE RELAY, FROM OUR SSTATION ON PLANETOID AQ-437...
FOUR INTRUDERSSS HAVE ENTERED OUR TERRITORY... DALEK SHIPSSS!
THREE SHIPSSS ARE DALEK, CERTAINLY... BUT THE ONE THEY PURSSSUE I DON'T KNOW... IT LOOKSSS... ALIEN...
PERHAPSSS IT ISSS DISSSGUISED ...THEY COULD ALL BE DALEK SHIPSSS... AND THEY'RE ON COURSSSE FOR DRACONIA...
YOU... GO IMMEDIATELY TO THE EMPEROR! INFORM HIM OF THE INTRUSION AND THAT I BEG LEAVE TO MOBILISSE THE FOURTH INTERCEPTOR SSSQUADRON...
GET ME THAT DALEK COMMANDER ON ON THE HYPER-SSSPACE RELAY!
AT ONCE, GENERAL...
AND...
I AM GENERAL KARINISSS OF THE DRACONIAN IMPERIAL COMMAND! YOUR SHIPSSS ARE VIOLATING OUR TERRITORY! EXPLAIN YOURSELF... OR FACE THE CONSSSEQUENCESSS....
OUR AFFAIRS NEED NOT CONCERN YOU, DRACONIAN! WE ARE CHASING A CRIMINAL...!
A TERRORIST, SUBVERSIVE AND MURDERER! WE CLAIM THE RIGHT OF HOT PURSUIT!
WHEN THE OFFENDER HAS BEEN EXTERMINATED, WE WILL WITHDRAW!
AS THE DALEK DISAPPEARS, A HERALD ENTERS...
THE WORD OF THE EMPEROR, FOR PRINCE SALANDER AND THE BARBARIAN-CRUSHING GENERAL, KARINISSS! TREMBLE AND OBEY!
THE IMPERIAL ONE HOLDSSS TALKSS WITH AXIRON. HE WILL ISSUE A COMMAND TOMORROW...
TOMORROW?!
THEY'LL BE ON OUR DOORSSSTEP IN AN HOUR! AND HE'S GOING TO TALK TO THAT SSSLIME-EYED SSSECRETARY TOMORROW!
MY PRINCE... THE DALEKSSS ARE OPENING FIRE!
I'LL SSSWITCH TO SSSTATION AQ-21! WE'LL GET A BETTER PICTURE..!


LOOK AT THAT IMMACULATE *EVASSSIVE PATTERN!* WHAT A *PILOT* THAT SHIP MUSSST HAVE! IT'S *TOTALLY ERRATIC ...BRILLIANT!*
BUT THEY'RE SSSTILL GETTING *TOO CLOSSSE,* MY PRINCE! WE *MUSST* LAUNCH INTERCEPTORSSS...
PERHAPSSS THERE ISSS NO NEED, AFTER ALL! HE'S *TURNING*... ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, IT'LL ALL BE *OVER* IN A MOMENT...
LOOK! HE *GOT ONE!* I WAS *RIGHT* ABOUT THAT PILOT! I'VE NEVER SSSEEN ANYTHING *LIKE* IT!
AMAZING... TOTALLY UNPREDICTABLE!
QUICKLY! GET THE *DALEK COMMANDER* ON THE RELAY! WE MIGHT *DISSSTRACT* HIM...
THE DISSSCHARGE OF WEAPONSS ON DRACONIAN TERRITORY ISSS CONSSSIDERED AN ACT OF...
I HAVE NO TIME TO TALK TO YOU *NOW,* DRAC–
AAHH, THAT *LIGHT! WHA..?*
YOUR PILOT MUSSST HAVE *BLASSTED* THE DALEK COMMAND-SHIP... AND *HALF-BLINDED USSS..!*
LOOK! THE LASSST DALEK SHIPSSS TURNING... *FLEEING*... AND HE'SSS GOING *AFTER IT!*
I'D LOOK IF I *COULD*... BUT ALL I CAN SSSEE AT THE ISSS *FLARING LIGHTSSS AND EXPLOSSIONSSS...*
AND THERE'SSS *ANOTHER ONE* FOR YOU, KARINISSS! HE'SSS WIPED OUT *ALL* OF THEM!
ASSSTONISHING...
GET THAT PILOT ON THE RELAY! I WANT TO TALK TO HIM!
BUT...
HE'SSS BACK ON COURSSSE FOR DRACONIA, HIGHNESSS... BUT I'M GETTING *NO RESSSPONSSE...*
I KNOW MY CALL'SSS *GETTING THROUGH*... HE'SSS JUSST *NOT REPLYING...*
SSSEND OUT A *GUIDANCE-BEAM*... AND GET CLEARANCE FOR *LANDING...*


ISSS THISSS *WISE*, SSSALANDER? OUGHT WE NOT TO INFORM THE EMPEROR?
AND GET A DECISION *TOMORROW*, KARINESSS? NO...
AN ENEMY OF THE *DALEKSSS* ISSS A FRIEND OF *MINE!* LET'SSS GO AND MEET HIM...
AND SOON...
HE'SSS HERE! I MUSSST CONGRATULATE HIM ON HIS *FINE CONTROL*...
WHATEVER HISSS RACE, SSSALANDER, WE DON'T KNOW IF HE'LL BE *FRIENDLY*... I HAVE POSSSTED GUARDSSS, IN CASSSE...
AND THEN...
WELCOME, WORTHY ONE, YOU ARE AMONG FRIENDSSS! MAY WE KNOW YOUR *HONOURABLE NAME* AND *EXALTED RANK?*
MY NAME..? THASH A *GOOD QUESHION*... LEMME SHEE...
BURP
NOW I REMEMBER! NAME'SH... *HIC*...
ABSHLOM DAAK...
...DALEK-KILLER...
TO BE CONTINUED...

DOCTOR WHO PIN-UP



The Doctor's two companions, Zoe (Wendy Padbury) and Jamie (Frazer Hines) in their 1968 quest against the "Mind Robbers".

MARVEL DOES IT AGAIN!

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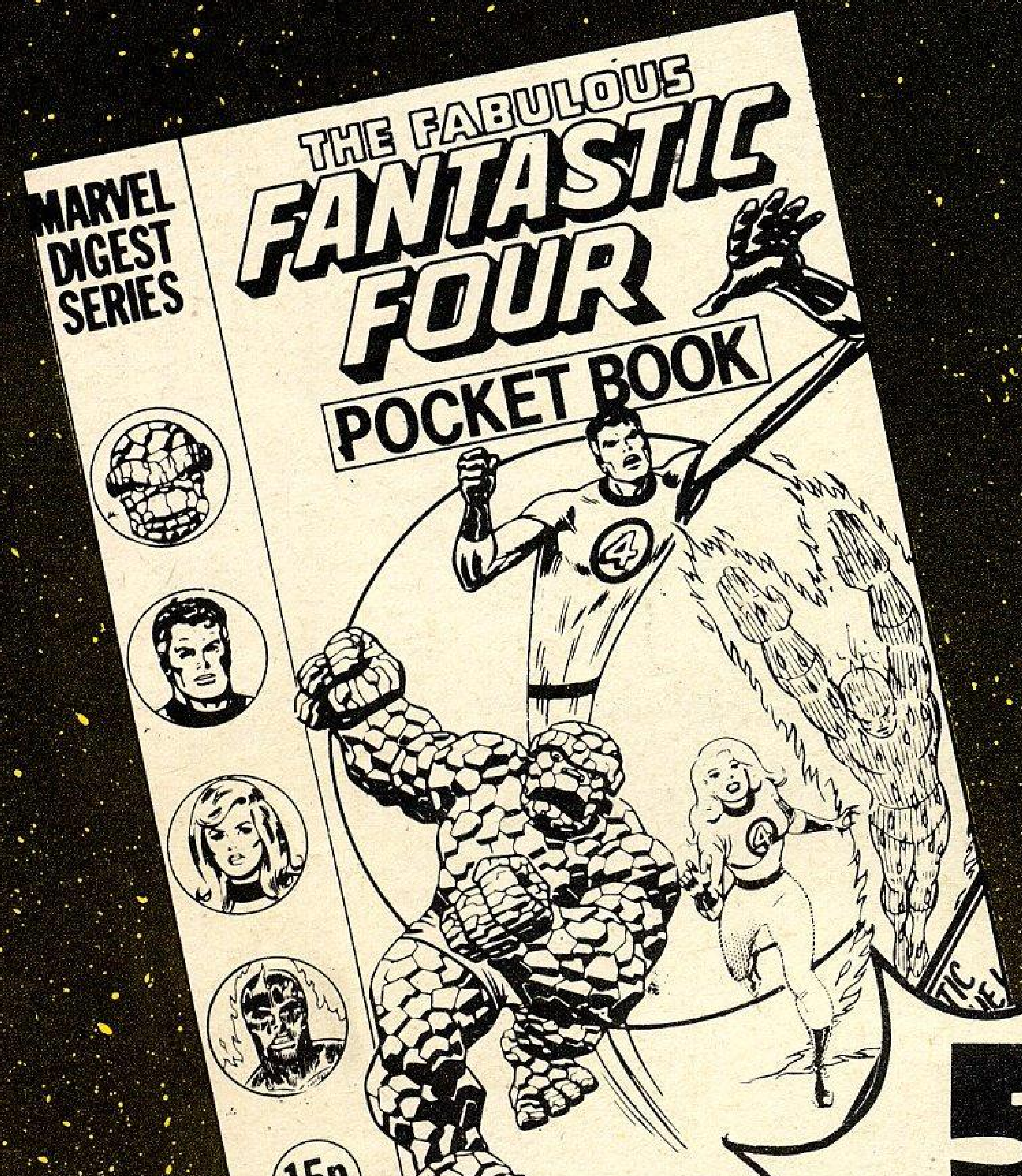
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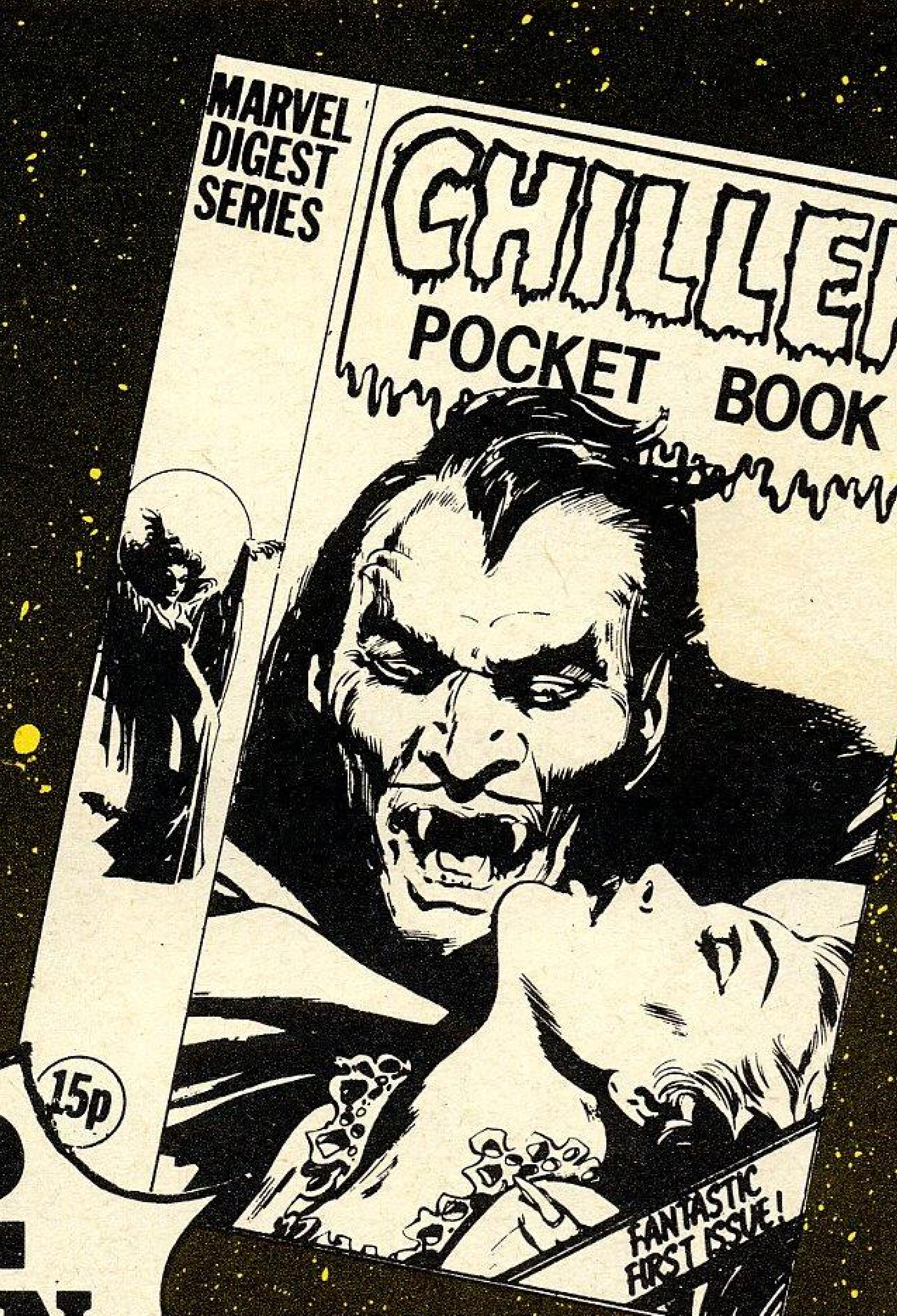
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